

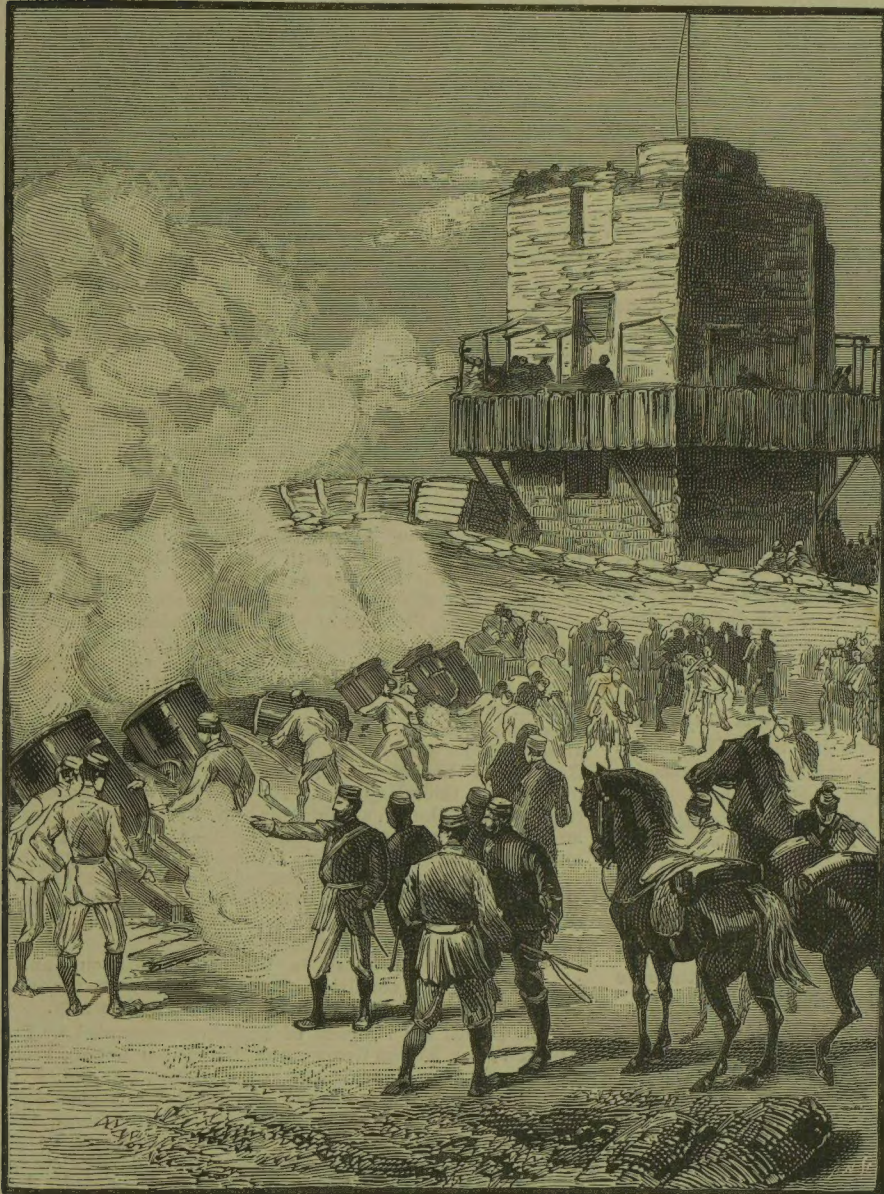
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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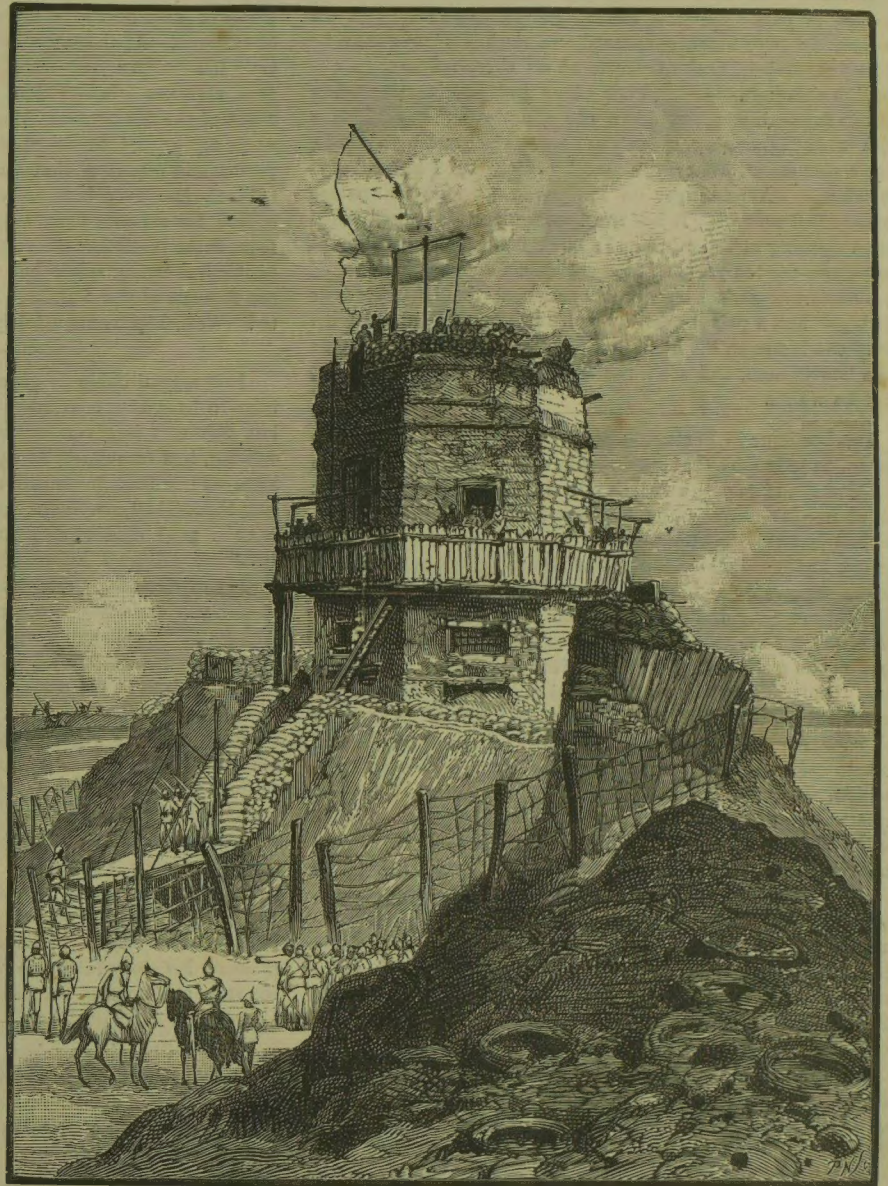
No. 2595.—VOL. XCIV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.  
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6½d.



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS WORKING THE MORTAR BATTERY IN FORT SHATAR.



FORT GEMEIZEH (LEFT WATER-FORT) FLAGSTAFF SHOT AWAY BY ENEMY'S SHELL.



THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS BUILDING A ZEREBA AFTER TAKING THE TRENCHES.

THE RELIEF OF SUAKIN: FROM SKETCHES BY MIDDLEMASS BEY, INSPECTOR-IN-CHIEF OF COASTGUARD, ALEXANDRIA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To be out in a real pea-soup London fog at night is an experience nobody forgets. It is far better to walk than to ride—I mean, of course, to drive; think of riding!—so far as progression is concerned; but then there are the crossings. Innocent people will say “There are the refugees”; but no one can see them till he knocks his knees against their posts, and in the meantime—

You meet your fate, and it is thus:  
You are run over by a bus.

The busses, however, do not run; they walk when they can, but as a rule they stop. The best plan, indeed, even for a feeble pedestrian—if he can't get inside one of them—is to walk behind it if it be going his way. If it has a lamp he may consider himself almost as fortunate as one of the wise men of the East. But suppose you have to go from Pall-mall say to Maida-vale (though this is not, alas! a supposititious case), are not so young as you were, and have a great-coat that weighs more than yourself. Then you must get a four-wheeled cab. Even those who take cabs by the hour have no idea how slow it is possible for a cab to go in fog-time. After an hour or two, moving through “a darkness that may be felt,” you find in Oxford-street, of all thoroughfares in the world, a complete block. Your cigar and your temper being alike exhausted, you put down the window, and cry “This is intolerable” (though you don't use half so fine or long a word), “try a side street. Where are we?” “Hanged if I know,” says the cabman. A passenger on the pavement tells us we are opposite Duke-street. It has the appearance of a tunnel without an opening at the other end; but by comparison we find it charming—for ten yards. There are then four vans in front of us, a costermonger's cart under our wheels (which costs four shillings), and a private carriage with the footman ahead with one of the lamps in his hand, looking like Diogenes in search of an honest man, and with the same poor chance of finding what he wants.

Another hour in Portman-square; not such a nice place to live in, to judge by that experience of it, as it is thought to be. The air, if one can call it air, is thicker than ever, but full of noises—roars, oaths, collisions, and fiendish laughter. The last is from the street-boys, who, of course, are delighted. Not one of those little demons has a flambeau; but I do see a lantern moving up and down like a will-o'-the-wisp. “If you will lend me your lantern, my good man, I'll give you”—never was tone more promising or conciliatory, but it is cut short by the gruff rejoinder, “Lend it to you, indeed! Who are you?” (not that he the least wished to know). “I want my lantern for my own ke,” which, indeed, he was leading. I sink back, depressed with this evidence of the selfishness of human nature. Dinner, of course, has long been out of the question. A night in a four-wheeled cab is the fate that seems to be awaiting me. Presently the driver comes to the window, “It's all right, Sir; we are behind a Kilburn ‘bus.’ What happiness! What bliss! Who shall say that the world is governed by blind chance? Our mode of progression, however, still is so. Sometimes we are on the pavement; sometimes against the kerbstone; and sometimes a carriage-pole comes through the window, which has been let down agreeably to the cabman's request for the accommodation of such visitors. Still we go on, though at a snail's pace. Our friend the ‘bus moves and looks (what we can see of it) like a hearse. Its ghastly occupants resemble that tribe of Indians who are buried in a sitting posture. Edgware-road at last, and a youth with a flambeau, ragged, dishevelled, and, I fear, thievish, but to my eyes resembling Cupid with his torch! “What will you give me, guv'nor?” he replies to my frantic appeal. “Anything!” I answer; and he accepts the offer. If I had been an Eastern King I would have said “Half my kingdom”; but I calculate (wrongly) that half-a-crown will satisfy him. He walks ahead, dropping fiery sparks from his torch, like the good genius in the Christmas story. Crowds of people hang like bees behind the cab, taking advantage of his leadership; I feel like a good genius myself, and hope it will not be forgotten in the proper quarter. All is right now, I hope, and put my legs up on the seat. Presently I find them ever so much higher than my head. Great Heaven! we are going up hill, where no hill should be, “Hi, cabman, hi!” We have taken the wrong turning, and are crossing the railway bridge. This was our last catastrophe, except running slap into the church, which is almost opposite my door. We might have done much worse (I need not say)—got into the canal, for instance. I draw a veil over the pecuniary settlement: one might have bought the cab, and purchased the services of the linkboy for life, one would have thought, for half the money. If anyone catches me out in a London fog at night again he may call me “horse,” and make me draw his cab for him!

As Sir Francis Doyle has proved to us to admiration, there are many elements of poetry in a horse-race; but they are not of the idyllic kind. The rush of the steeds, the thunder of their hoofs, the rainbow hues in which the riders are attired, the roar of the assembled thousands, make up a picture such as Homer paints—if only the bookmakers and the welshers be kept well in the background—but there is no touch of Theocritus in it. The same may be said of pedestrian matches: the strain of thews and sinews, the struggle over the last “lap,” the encouraging cries of the backers, are exciting enough, but (save for the countryman who is the confederate of the thimble-riggers) the scene is not a pastoral one. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that one reads of a race so idyllic that it deserves to be described in verse rather than prose—a trial of speed between bees and pigeons. The idea is quite original, for though pigeons are often seen on racecourses, it is only as spectators. The event took place at Hamme, in Westphalia (from which, no doubt, we obtain our best-known breakfast dish), and, despite its poetic attributes, there seems to have been a good deal of money upon it. The goals were respectively

a hive and a dovecote, and the course three miles and a half in length. Curiously enough the pigeons were the favourites. One would have thought that “the Fancy” would have recognised the fact that bees take a bee-line to their hive, and that pigeons “circle” about their dovecote. That unfortunate though graceful habit of indecision seems to have lost them the race. The bees were in white (having been previously rolled in flour for the purposes of identification), the pigeons wore their own colours.

There is a great deal of talk just now about the Evil Eye, and also about good ones, which have hitherto not had their proper share of attention. We read of “a pair of kind eyes which can sometimes scrutinise without losing their kindness, till they make you feel it is the Day of Judgment,” and even of eyes a glance from which “raises one's spiritual condition.” If the reader has not been glanced at in that way himself, let us hope it was because his condition was high enough already. I have not the least wish to depreciate the power or beauty of the human eye: there is no feature to be compared with it; it is only in foolish novels that the curve of the ear, or the delicacy of the nostril, or the shape of the chin, are significant of anything in particular; but through the eye gleam all the emotions of the soul. At the same time, it is noteworthy that there are very few human eyes—and certainly not those of the brute that vivisects him—which can compare in expression with those of the fox-terrier. Here is one as I write with his paws upon my knee, looking up into my face with more love and pathos and pleading than painter, inspired no matter by what subject, has ever been able to convey. For all we know, indeed for certain, there may be some sort of soul looking out from those lustrous orbs. It is not hard to fancy that some gentle but erring spirit has transmigrated for his sins from the Human to the Canine. But, after all, what does it come to? Well, Rip wants a lump of sugar.

It is a good thing to have, like Leigh Hunt, such a catholic taste in literature that everything good of its kind is welcome; but the gift is given only to a few of us, and, curiously enough, less frequently to literary persons than to others. We have all our foolish dislikes and antagonisms. For those who like theological novels, or domestic ones of the American type, with a good deal of the “average” young woman in it, or thrilling tales of adventure, there is just now a plentiful supply of their favourite pabulum. But those who like out-of-the-way incidents—occurrences in scenes of ordinary life, which, when well handled, form the best sensational stories—are by no means so well provided for. To these I venture to recommend “The Outcasts.” The author, as it strikes one, is new to story-telling, for his work is abrupt and disjointed; but each scene is vigorous and interesting in itself, and the characters are admirably drawn. The materials are unusually rich—hereditary instincts, the transfusion of blood, sleep-walking, opium dreams, and the maleficence of the opal—and, though that does not always make a good dish, “The Outcasts” is most palatable. Unfortunately, the cuckoo-cry against three-volume novels—in which form (unless they were much longer) almost all great works of fiction have been written—seems to have frightened the author into compressing his story into two volumes. This has made the cake too rich, and hurried the baking of it deplorably.

A Free Church preacher has suddenly lost his memory in the pulpit, and been compelled to apologise to his congregation for the absence of his sermon. This is certainly one of the disadvantages of an extemporaneous discourse, and to a certain extent it is by no means an uncommon one. Many after-dinner speakers are afflicted with it, and there have been occasions when one has wished the malady was even more general. But, certainly, to find the mind like a blank slate is a phenomenon. The more usual form of the complaint is to forget one's tid-bits of eloquence, and to remember only the worse parts. In such a case, the orator should cling to his peroration—the gallop he has kept for “the avenue”—at all hazards. A pious French preacher was once attacked by this disorder in the middle of his sermon. He had the presence of mind to observe, with all sincerity, “Friends, I had forgotten to observe that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers; let us, therefore, say one ‘pater.’” He instantly fell on his knees, and before he got up again had recovered the thread of his discourse. The mischance happens from all kinds of causes, sometimes even from knowing what you have got to say too well. During the fifty-third night of the performance, a player in the “Beggars' Opera” was reproved by Rich for having forgotten his part. “Well, really,” returned the actor, “one cannot remember a thing for ever.”

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has published its report for the last year, and a noble record it is. Just as the Post-Office heads the list of our Government offices for cheapness and efficiency, so this institution seems to stand at the head of all our charities for simplicity, workableness, and good result. By its own boats it has saved no less than 617 lives during the twelve months, granted rewards for the rescue of nearly two hundred more, and brought into safe harbour many a vessel that would otherwise have been doomed. Nor is it to be set down otherwise than to its credit that its boats have put to sea 159 times in reply to distress signals that have been unnecessarily or too apprehensively made. The next thing after paying our Christmas bills should surely be to give something to a society which combines patriotism and humanity as its objects, and makes good use of every guinea that is subscribed towards them.

Fact has been again plagiarising from Fiction, and even adding a sensational incident or two, to enable it to be called “stranger” than its rival. In Wilkie Collins' story, “A Rogue's Life,” the hero, arrested in his own house, disappears through a trapdoor before the very eyes of the detectives. Last week, a rogue in real life—we may be sure without acknowledging

his indebtedness to “our author”—performed the same identical feat; he even bettered the example, for when the policeman courageously “dropped” after him into the vaulted chamber he was instantly pinned by a couple of bull-terriers, who held him fast while their master got away. It is not often that gross plagiarism is accompanied by improvement, but there is no doubt that the dramatic situation was heightened by the addition, or subtraction—for they each took a bite out of the peeler—of those faithful dogs.

I am not more superstitious than my neighbours, but sometimes I cannot help suspecting the existence of a malignant demon in the matter of proof-reading. Carefulness cannot ensure accuracy, and still less repeated perusals. These seem, indeed, to harden the offender in his original sin. A dear friend the other day observed to me, “How can you be so careless? In your last essay, you have put a remark of Hamlet into the mouth of Macbeth. It is one so well known that even you [for “a friend” always “shows himself friendly” in these matters] must have known better. In future, don't be so hasty.” Hasty? I had corrected that essay in proof three times, and though there was a reason why I should have had “Macbeth” in my mind, I cannot believe it was that which caused the mistake. It was one of the tricks that the proof-demon delights to play, and not without giving satisfaction to some people—for instance, the reviewers. A famous author once wrote a novel “with a purpose,” in which a well-known personage—let us call him Cecil—had good cause to believe himself lampooned under the name of Catesby. He wrote to the author in remonstrance and received a letter in which he was assured he was mistaken. “You were never in my thoughts,” wrote the author, “when I drew Catesby.” “When I last wrote to you,” replied Cecil, “I omitted to mention that in volume 3, page 202, the word ‘Cecil’ is printed instead of ‘Catesby.’” To this there was no rejoinder.

## THE COURT.

The Queen drove out in the afternoon of Jan. 3 accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Margaret of Prussia; and her Majesty went out with the Empress Frederick and the Princesses of Prussia on the morning of the 4th. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne took leave of her Majesty on their return to London. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with their Majesties and the Royal family. On the 5th her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice; and the Empress Frederick walked in the grounds with Princess Victoria of Prussia. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein arrived at Osborne, having crossed over from Portsmouth in her Majesty's yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton, A.D.C. Lord Burghley met her Royal Highness at Portsmouth, and attended her to Osborne. The Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the members of the Royal family, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the 6th. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. He had the honour of dining with their Majesties. Her Majesty went out on Monday morning, Jan. 7, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. The other members of the Royal family walked in the grounds.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G., to be Governor and Captain-General of the Isle of Wight and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, in the room of the late Viscount Eversley.

The Queen telegraphed to Warwick Castle on Jan. 7 to inquire after the condition of the Earl of Warwick, and to express her sympathy with Lady Warwick and family.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Jan. 4 from Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, honoured the performance at Hengler's Circus, Covent-garden, in the evening with their presence. On the 5th the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at the marriage of Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, with the Hon. Edward Stanley, Grenadier Guards, son of Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on Saturday afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses went afterwards to the wedding breakfast, at the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, in Great Stanhope-street. In the evening, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the three Princesses, Princes George and Albert Victor of Wales, and suite, witnessed the performance of “The Babes in the Wood” at Drury-Lane. On Sunday morning, the 6th, the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. On the 7th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and the three Princesses, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was observed at Windsor, on Jan. 8, in the usual way. Peals were rung throughout the day from the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church, and a Royal salute was fired in the Long Walk. The flag-ship at Portsmouth and H.M.S. Invincible, Captain Brooke, C.B., guard-ship at Cowes, fired a Royal salute at noon.

We learn that the Russian artist M. Jan De Chelminsky has sold his picture representing “The Czarina of Russia Fox-Hunting” to the Czar. The same artist is now exhibiting his picture of “Hyde Park” at Tooth's.

At a special meeting of the Board of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, held on Jan. 7, the directors unanimously passed a resolution contravening the Protectionist one carried at an ordinary meeting of the Chamber on Dec. 19.

The Prime Minister on Jan. 4 received a deputation from the northern ports, who presented a memorial urging the importance of strengthening the defences of our mercantile ports, but declining to accept any responsibility for the necessary measures beyond providing men as Volunteers. Lord Salisbury, in reply, acknowledged the full responsibility of the Government in the matter, and of the extent to which it had been increased by the preparations abroad. That responsibility would be exercised when Ministers framed their estimates next session. This action, however, would not indicate any belief on the part of the Government that any breach of the peace was imminent, or to be immediately apprehended: but while they avoided giving way to panic, they must make the preparations which the existing state of the world imperatively demanded.



## PROPOSED PUBLIC PARK AT VAUXHALL.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on Monday, Jan. 7, went to Lambeth Palace, and kindly met a deputation of twelve of the Working Men's Committee, formed two years and a half ago, in support of the endeavour to obtain the open gardens and pleasure-grounds of The Lawn and Carroun House, in South Lambeth, for a public park, playground, and place of popular recreation. This beneficent and very moderate project, which we earnestly recommend to the liberality of all who will give either a guinea or a shilling, or a larger donation, to promote the health and happiness and social welfare of the working-classes in one of the most crowded and neediest parts of London, has for some time been in the hands of a general Committee, of which Mr. Mark H. Beaufoy is Chairman and Treasurer, and the Rev. Walter Edwards is Honorary Secretary, associated with the well-known Kyrle Society; and Miss Octavia Hill, of 14, Nottingham-place, W., Treasurer of the Kyrle Society, has taken an active part in advocating the scheme, and in collecting funds. A special interest is given to the undertaking by the circumstance that it will carry into effect the cherished wish of the late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., who resided many years at The Lawn, and who, having had some political as well as social intercourse with the people of Southwark and Lambeth, was always desirous of promoting a local object so much to their benefit. His widow, Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, has therefore actively co-operated with the ladies and other members of the Kyrle Society on this occasion; and it now remained only to raise the small sum of less than £5000, which must be done before the end of January, to achieve a complete success. The Metropolitan Board of Works, the Lambeth Vestry, and the Charity Commissioners, acting on the

same principles as those adopted by the public authorities in the case of the Hampstead Heath extension, had made their provisional grants, altogether amounting to £36,000, conditional on the remainder of the purchase-money required, £7125, being raised by voluntary subscriptions and donations, of which £2000 or little more had been collected. On Dec. 15, by invitation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who takes much interest in the proposal, a meeting of its supporters was held in the Library of Lambeth Palace, when Miss Octavia Hill and Mrs. Fawcett spoke on its behalf. The Archbishop received His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Jan. 7, and presented to him the working men's deputation, whose chairman, Mr. Lester, read a brief and simple address, explaining the situation of affairs; stating that "they wanted their children to have a playground, and this was the only piece of ground in the neighbourhood, a very poor neighbourhood; that, after more than two years' hard work, £40,650 was promised, but if the balance of £4350 were not provided before the 31st of this month, all their labour and hope would be in vain, for by that time the present agreement to purchase must be completed, or it would come to nothing, and the ground would be lost to the people for ever." They asked his Royal Highness to say a few words to encourage others to help in this difficulty, and they hoped he would honour them by opening the Park when ready. To this address the Prince of Wales made a kindly and encouraging reply, promising to do all that he could, and, noticing the reference to the late Mr. Fawcett, "whose loss was so mourned by the working men of Lambeth," his Royal Highness said that he personally knew Mr. Fawcett and greatly respected him, and rejoiced that his home was likely to become the site of a public park. It has been arranged to hold a public meeting on Jan. 21, at which Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, will be present.

Our Sketches represent several views of the grounds, which are near the Vauxhall railway-station, including Mr. Fawcett's old house, now called Fawcett House, with its gardens at the front and back, where is a mulberry-tree under which he used to sit, and in his blindness to hear his wife read to him, or dictate what she wrote for him; another tree is a very fine black poplar, nearly 100 ft. high. A bird's-eye view of the intended new park is among our illustrations, and we hope its realisation will soon be effectually secured. Contributions may be sent either to Miss Octavia Hill; to Mr. Mark H. Beaufoy, 87, South Lambeth-road, S.W.; to the Rev. W. Walter Edwards, St. Barnabas Vicarage, Guildford-road, South Lambeth; or to the Vauxhall Park Fund at Messrs. Barclay, Ransom, and Co., 1, Pall-mall East.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley (Grenadier Guards), eldest son of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, with Lady Alice Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester, was celebrated in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria. The bridegroom was accompanied by the Hon. Richard F. Somerset (Grenadier Guards) as best man. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, the Duke of Manchester, was attended by eight bridesmaids, all children—namely, the Ladies Alice and Mary Montagu, daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Mandeville; Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton; the Ladies



1. Corner in Front Garden of the House of the late Right Hon. Professor Henry Fawcett, M.P.  
2. Grounds at the back of "Fawcett House, the Lawn."

3. Carroun House.

4. Mulberry-Tree, under which Mr. Fawcett used to sit  
5. Bird's-eye View of the projected Vauxhall Public Park.

## VAUXHALL PARK, SOUTH LAMBETH: PROPOSED PURCHASE OF GROUNDS.

Aldra, Mary, and Theo Acheson, daughters of the Earl and Countess of Gosford, all nieces of the bride; and Lady Edith Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon; and the Hon. Romola Russell, daughter of Lady Amptill, cousins of the bridegroom. The bride was simply dressed in rich white corded silk draped with mousseline-de-soie, with a fichu of the same, wore a narrow wreath of orange-blossoms and a tulle veil. She wore no jewels. The youthful bridesmaids looked charming in "Cherry Ripe" costumes of white poul-de-soie, with fichus of white muslin edged with frills of the same, pale blue sashes, white caps with bows of pale blue ribbon, white silk mittens, and bronze stockings and shoes. Each wore a double heart moonstone and diamond brooch, and carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley intermixed and tied with pale blue ribbon, the gifts of the bridegroom. The service was fully choral. The wedding presents were very numerous. Her Majesty sent the bride a valuable Indian shawl; the Empress Frederick of Germany presented her with a ruby and diamond bracelet; the Prince and Princess of Wales a moonstone and diamond brooch; the Princesses of Wales a crystal bird brooch set with diamonds.

The Hon. Richard Walter Chetwynd, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Chetwynd, was married on Jan. 8 to Miss Florence Mary Naylor-Leyland, only daughter of the late Colonel Naylor-Leyland and Mrs. Naylor-Leyland, of Nantelwyd, Ruthin, North Wales, and Hyde-park House, Albert-gate. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The Hon. W. D. Murray, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lord Stormont, was groomsmen; and the Hon. Eleanor Chetwynd, the Hon. Katherine Chetwynd, the Hon. Catherine Beresford, and Miss Chamberlain were bridesmaids.

On Jan. 3 the marriage of the Rev. Newton William J. Mant, Vicar of Sledmere, York, with Miss Margaret Beresford

Hope, fourth daughter of the late Right Hon. A. J. and Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, and niece of the Marquis of Salisbury, was solemnised in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster-square. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Philip Beresford Hope, who afterwards gave her away. There were seven bridesmaids—Miss Agnes Beresford Hope, sister; and Misses Muriel and Mildred Beresford Hope, Miss Campbell, and Miss Gibbs, nieces of the bride; and Lady Gwendolen Cecil and Miss Hope, her cousins. The bridegroom presented each with a gold curb-chain bracelet, and a large bouquet of white flowers. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of the Rev. Montague Fowler, M.A., third son of Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., and Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with Miss Ada Dayrell Thomson, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Thomson, C.S.I., was celebrated at Christ Church, Lee, on Jan. 8, in the presence of a large congregation. The Archbishop of York (uncle of the bride) officiated, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, and the Rev. L. A. Smith, Vicar of Christ Church, Lee. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Edward Dayrell Thomson, was attended by Master Laird and Master S. Laird, attired as pages. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. Archie Fowler as best man.

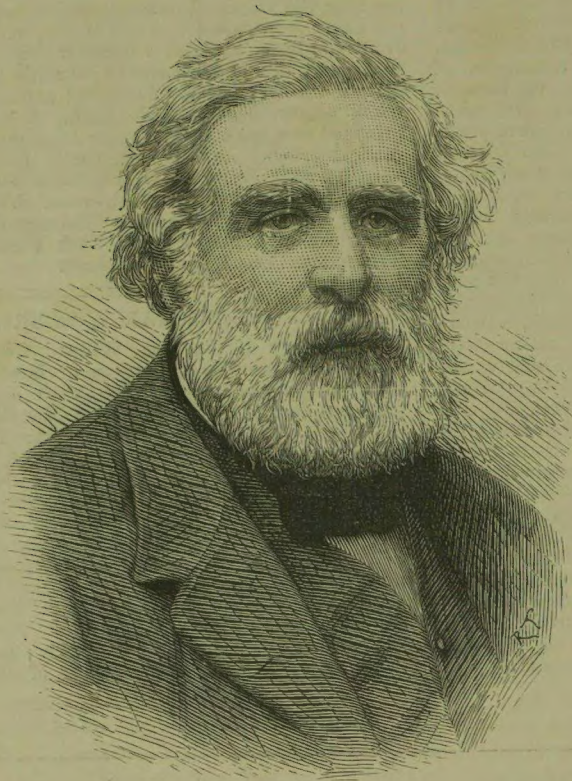
The International Draughts Match ended, on Jan. 7, in C. F. Barker, of Boston, United States, champion of America, being declared winner.

General Sir R. Strachey presided at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Jan. 7, when Mr. F. S. Arnot read a paper on his "Journey over the Central Plateau of Africa, from Natal to Benguela, and past the Sources of the Zambesi to the Sources of the Congo."

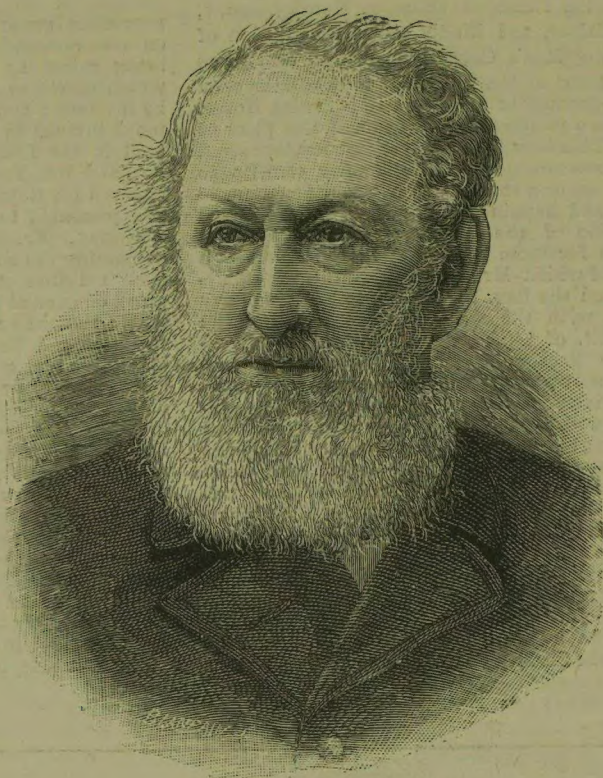
## COLONEL NORTH'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Noteworthy among the New Year festivities in town was the magnificent Fancy-Dress Ball given by Colonel J. T. North and Mrs. North, in the sumptuous Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, on the Fourth of January. There was a rich profusion of flowers and palms in the embellishment of the various rooms and corridors; and the liveliest dance-music was discoursed in the two ball-rooms by Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's band and the band of the Tower Hamlets Engineers. The nine hundred guests were bountifully entertained by the host and hostess, who were resplendently attired as Henry VIII. and as the Duchesse de Maine, of the Louis Quinze period. Equally brilliant were the costumes of Miss North as a Turkish Princess and Mr. Harry North as Duc de Richelieu, while in the garb of King Edward VI. little Master North made a picture worthy of Millais. The variety of fancy attire was remarkable. In her simple but effective robe of black, with a large diamond star in her hair, Lady Randolph Churchill shone amidst the gay throng in brocaded silks and lustrous satins fashioned in every imaginable period. Lord Randolph Churchill was similarly conspicuous through the unobtrusiveness of his Court uniform as contrasted with the glowing array of huntsmen in scarlet and Mephistos in crimson, and sovereigns of all times. Besides dancing, Colonel North had provided special entertainments by Corney Grain, Professor Bertram, and others; and the supper was one of the superbest Mr. William T. Holland has ever supplied at the Métropole, the adornment of which hotel is one of the best examples, by the way, of Messrs. Maple's fine-art work. We are requested to state that the chief costumiers were Mr. B. J. Simmons, of King-street; M. and Madame Alias, of St. Martin's-lane; Madame Auguste et Cie.; Messrs. Nathan, and Mrs. May.





THE LATE MR. J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, F.R.S.



THE LATE MR. PHILIP HENRY MUNTZ.

## THE LATE MR. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

This eminent critical scholar and commentator on the works and life and times of Shakspeare, who died on Jan. 3 at his residence near Brighton, was formerly known as Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, having been born in 1820, the son of Mr. Thomas Halliwell, of Sloane-street. He early devoted his studies to English literary history and antiquities, especially those of the Elizabethan age. His principal works are a "Life of Shakspeare," 1848; a sumptuous edition of the works of Shakspeare, with a revised biography, published by subscription in sixteen folio volumes, 1853-65; a "Calendar of the Records of Stratford-on-Avon," 1863; a "History of New Place," 1864; and "Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare," fifth edition, 1885. He was mainly instrumental in the purchase of the poet's estate of New Place for the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, and in the formation of the Shakspeare Museum of that town. His publications, original and editorial, amount to more than sixty volumes. He assumed the name of Phillipps by Royal license in 1872, under a direction in the will of the late Mr. Thomas Phillipps, of Broadway, the grandfather of his first wife.

## CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.

English colonists, in all parts of the globe, keep up Christmas with as much similarity to the old-fashioned domestic festival of England as the climate and other circumstances allow; but in Australia and New Zealand, where Christmas falls in Midsummer, there is no Yule log on the fire, and the roast turkey and plum-pudding may be eaten under the trees in the open air. In Canada, with the settled frost and firm deep snow covering the land through a long winter at this time, the convivial comforts of Christmas, as we are accustomed to them, are felt to be more in season. Our military correspondent in the Quebec garrison, Captain R. W. Rutherford, of the Canadian Artillery Regiment, sends us a Christmas greeting, with a sketch of the scene at the Dalhousie Gate, the main gate of the famous Citadel, where some of the "cook's mates" are passing from the cook's house with their Christmas dinners, while the foreground is occupied by six small trumpeters of the Royal School of Artillery, sounding "Dinners up!" In the upper part of the drawing is a winter view of Quebec, with the ferry-boat *Polaris* ploughing her way through the ice of the River St. Lawrence.

## THE LATE MR. P. H. MUNTZ.

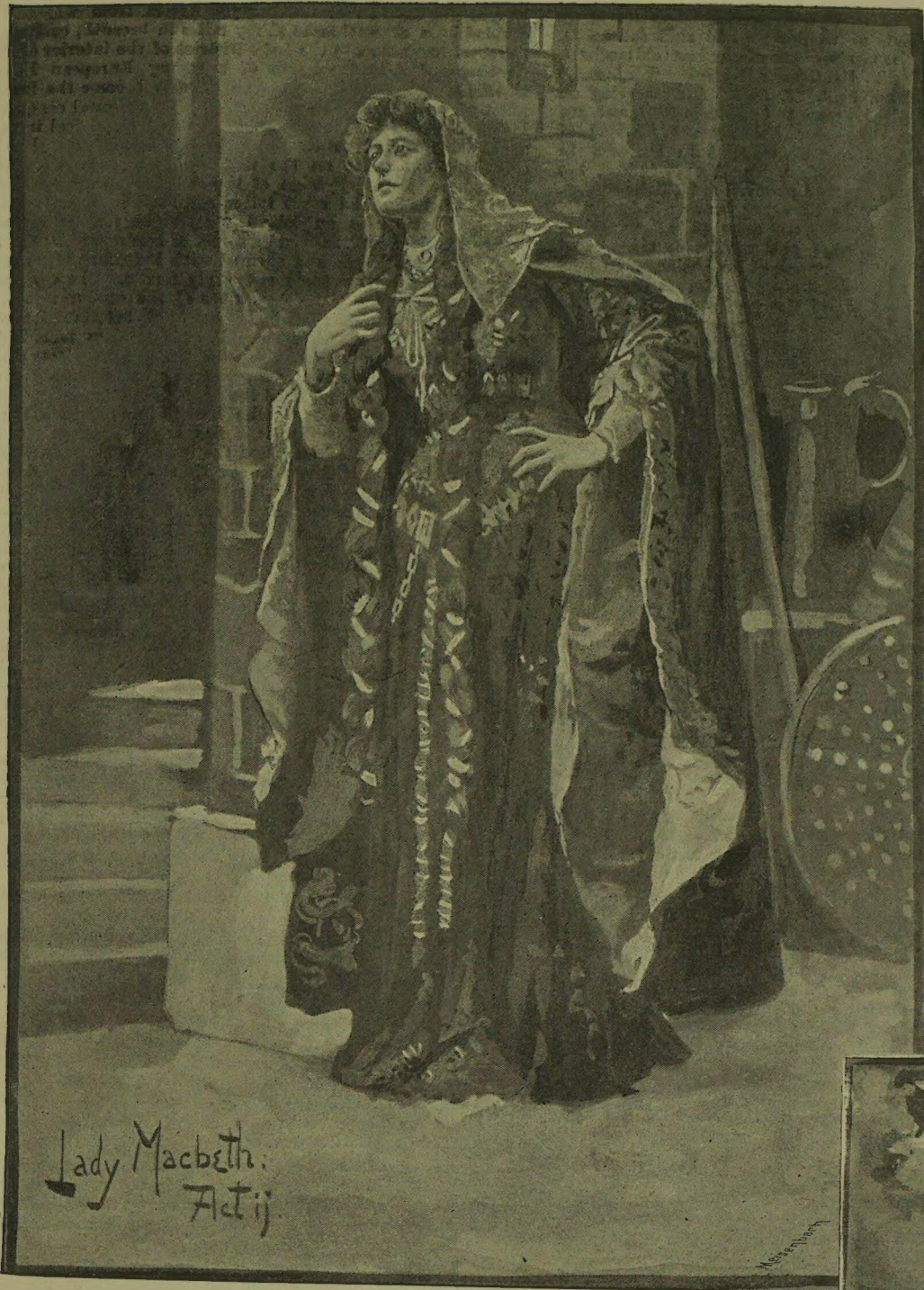
Mr. Philip Henry Muntz, who died at Leamington about Christmas time, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, was long an active and well-known public man of Birmingham, and an old Reformer, having been one of the first members of the political union founded by Attwood, Scholefield, Hutton, and Edmonds, previously to 1832, and an active promoter of the incorporation of the borough in 1838. In the organisation of the first Town Council, elected in November, 1838, Mr. Muntz took an active part, as he had done in obtaining the charter; he was Mayor of Birmingham more than once. He was elected M.P. for Birmingham in 1868, in conjunction with Mr. George Dixon and Mr. John Bright, but retired from Parliament in 1885. The present M.P. for the Tamworth division of Warwickshire, Mr. Philip Albert Muntz, is a son of the late Mr. G. F. Muntz, M.P., and nearly related to the subject of this notice.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P. for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, has given the tenants on his estates in the Louth district a return of 10 per cent on their half-year's rent.



CHRISTMAS IN CANADA: "DINNERS UP" AT THE CITADEL OF QUEBEC.

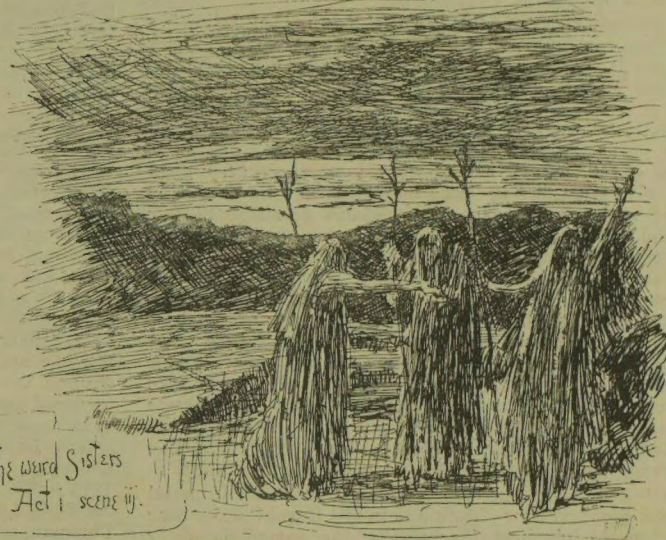




Lady Macbeth.  
Act ij.



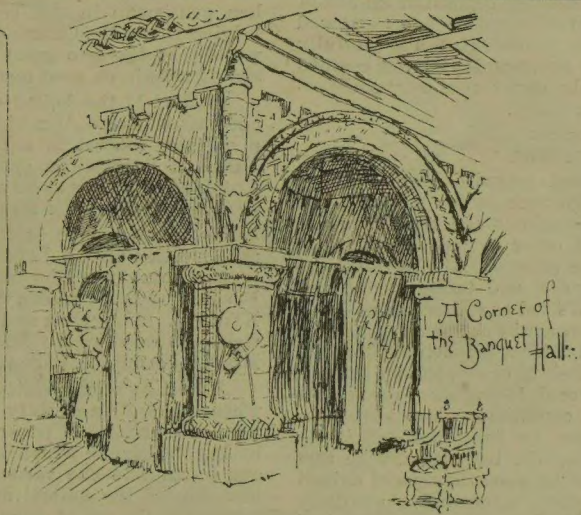
Act v. scene i.  
England—a Country Lane.



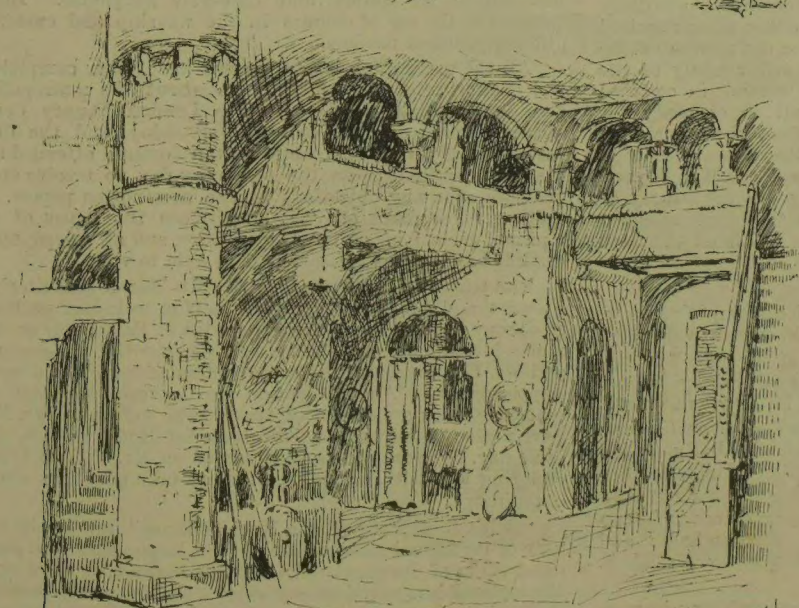
The weird Sisters  
Act i scene ij.



Macduff



A Corner of  
the Banquet Hall.



Courtyard of Macbeth's Castle  
Act ij.



Macbeth:  
Act iv. scene i

Bernard Partridge fecit.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chambers reassembled on Jan. 8. In the Senate, the Comte de Bondy, who presided, appealed to the members to fulfil without weakness the mission now more than ever incumbent upon the Senate. M. Méline was re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, in which a rather animated scene arose out of a speech delivered by M. Pierre Blanc, the Senior Deputy. He declared that it was the duty of the Government to proceed energetically against conspirators, and urged that it was for the Republic to repair whatever faults the Republic had committed.—The preliminary arrangements for the British Section of the Paris Exhibition may now be said to be complete, the whole of the space originally placed at the disposal of the committee (rather more than 102,000 square feet, or about half the area occupied by Great Britain in 1878) having been either assigned to the few Colonial commissions which have been appointed or distributed among British exhibitors. Of these last there will be about 600.

The King of Italy on Jan. 7 received the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who presented his credentials as Ambassador of her Majesty at the Italian Court. The King expressed the hope that he might again see Queen Victoria in Italy.—The *Daily News* Naples Correspondent telegraphs that Mr. Gladstone visited Pompeii on Jan. 8, and witnessed the excavation of a house, many interesting objects being brought to light.

A petard was exploded on a staircase in the Royal Palace at Madrid on Jan. 8, at a time when the Queen was giving audiences. No one was injured, and only a few windows were broken.—Twenty-seven lives have been lost by an explosion of fire-damp at the Esperanza Colliery, in the province of Oviedo, in Spain.

The Official German Gazette publishes the following rescript from the Emperor William to Prince Bismarck, under date of Dec. 31:—"Dear Prince,—The year which has brought us such heavy visitations and such irrevocable losses draws to an end. It is a joy and solace to me to think that you still stand loyally by my side, with fresh strength to enter upon the new year. From my whole heart I invoke upon you happiness and blessings, but above all, uninterrupted good health; and I trust to God that I may still be long permitted to labour with you for the welfare and greatness of our Fatherland.—Wilhelm."—The Emperor has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on Herr Von Puttkamer, formerly Minister for the Interior.—Dr. Geffcken, who has been more than three months in prison, has been released, the German Imperial Tribunal having decided to abandon the proceedings against him. It was on Sept. 29, 1888, on his return from Heligoland to Hamburg, that Dr. Geffcken was placed under arrest, he voluntarily surrendering himself to the Court. He has, therefore, been in prison for ninety-nine days on the mere suspicion of having committed treason to the State by the publication of the Emperor Frederick's Diary of 1870-1.—The Morier correspondence continues to occupy public attention.

The betrothal of another member of the Austrian Imperial House took place on New-Year's Eve in the Royal Castle, near Pesth, when Archduchess Margarethe, the second daughter of Archduke Joseph, the Commander of the Hungarian Honved Army, was engaged to Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis, a nephew of the Empress Elisabeth, the Prince's mother being her Majesty's sister, while the mother of the "bride" is Princess Mary Clotilde of Saxe-Coburg. The betrothed Princess was born in July, 1870, and is one of the greatest beauties in Hungary.

A remarkable railway accident is reported from Charkoff, where the Russian Princess Lieven, who was in a sledge, was run over by a railway-train, but being thrown between the rails lay unconscious while the train passed over without injuring her.—Winter has set in with terrible severity in Russia, 200 persons having been frozen to death.

The United States Senate has passed a resolution disapproving of the connection of any European Government with the construction or control of any ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien or Central America.—The New York papers have been full of accounts of the recent opening of the new buildings of the Metropolitan Art Museum.

The annual banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade was given in the Pavilion on Jan. 5. It was a brilliant affair, being attended by a large and influential gathering, including Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General, and Sir John Macdonald, the Premier. Replying to the toast of his health, Lord Stanley referred to the attempts which had been made in certain quarters to dispose of the destinies of the Canadians without their consent. He considered Canada capable of working out her own destiny, and said their guiding principle should be—one Dominion above all. Sir J. Macdonald observed that Canada desired to retain her own independence and remain a nation belonging to a nation.

An earthquake is reported to have occurred in Costa Rica on Dec. 29, the most severe shock being felt at Alajuela, where eight persons were killed and many injured, while all the principal buildings were badly damaged.

We learn from Auckland that fighting has occurred in Samoa between the crew of the German corvette Olga and Mataafa's followers. An officer and fifteen men were killed, and thirty-eight wounded. Mataafa's losses were ten killed and thirty wounded.

Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for South Australia, has received a telegram from the Government at Adelaide stating that the drought has broken up, and splendid rains have fallen throughout the colony.

The *Times* understands that the Villa La Rochefoucauld, at Biarritz, has been taken for February for her Majesty the Queen.

It is officially announced that the Lord Lieutenant will hold his first Levée of the season at Dublin Castle on Feb. 5, and the first Drawingroom on the following day.

Miss Braddon is publishing an "Autographic Edition" of her works at half-a-crown a volume. They commence with "Lady Audley's Secret," and end, for the present, with the forty-eighth of the series, "Like and Unlike." They are bound in crimson cloth gilt.

Earl Granville distributed prizes on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5, to the successful competitors in the third annual Industrial Science and Art Exhibition at the Dover School of Art, and made a speech on the position of art in England and the effect of exhibitions. He thought that exhibitions usefully influenced the education of those who produced and those who consumed the things exhibited.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Principal of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, presided at the annual distribution of prizes and certificates to the successful students on Saturday evening, Jan. 5. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, having awarded the certificates, addressed the students upon the success obtained by the college, and the great progress that had been made since it was founded in 1854.

## THE LATE MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE.

The death of a veteran London publisher, whose well-known house in Broadway, Ludgate-hill, with an American branch in New York, has supplied readers of good English literature with an immense variety of wholesome and cheerful books, and cheap editions of the masterpieces of our best old authors, should not pass unnoticed. Mr. George Routledge was born at Brampton, in Cumberland, Sept. 23, 1812. After serving an apprenticeship at Carlisle, he came to London in 1833, and got employment in the house of Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock, of Paternoster-row. He quitted this to start in business in Ryder's-court, Leicester-square, with his brother-in-law, the late Mr. W. H. Warne, and in 1843 removed to 36, Soho-square. In 1851 Mr. Routledge took his other brother-in-law, Mr. Frederick Warne, into partnership, and removed to Farringdon-street. In 1854 Mr. Routledge paid a visit to the United States, and there established a branch of his business. In 1858 he took into partnership his eldest son, Mr. Robert Routledge, when the firm, previously styled George Routledge and Co., became Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, but Mr. Frederick Warne having left the firm, Mr. Edmund Routledge entered it in July, 1865, and the style was changed to that of George Routledge and Sons. Mr. Routledge was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant of Cumberland, and in 1882 served the office of High Sheriff of that county.

## LONDON ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The third annual exhibition of canaries, mules, and various British and foreign species of pet birds, managed by this society, was held in the St. Stephen's Hall of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, during the first three days of January; and was successful in attracting large numbers of visitors. Our Artist has sketched many of the feathered public favourites, without confining his attention to those which gained prizes; and bird-fanciers will be content with the work of his pencil, excusing us from any particular comment.

## "BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE."

A retrospect of last year so far as the peerage and baronetage is concerned is interesting in its general details, which are, as usual, most carefully chronicled by Sir Bernard Burke. The additions to the Hereditary Orders are few. Three new creations have been made—the Marquisate of Dufferin and Ava and the Baronies of Knutsford and Savile. Lord Dufferin's advancement is universally popular. In every position Lord Dufferin has been placed he has earned high distinction. Gifted with genius and eloquence, he has, besides all, the attributes of a statesman of practical ability. It is curious to observe the vast number of changes that have occurred during the past year—births, marriages, and deaths, naval and military promotions, political appointments, &c.—which have rendered a careful supervision of the work necessary. The following Peers have died since December, 1887:—The Duke of Rutland; the Earls of Cavan, Lisburne, Seaford, Berkeley, Mar and Kellie, Lucan and Devon; Viscount Portman, and Barons Annaly, Hatherton, Wolverton, Conyers, Mount-Temple, Newborough, and Seaton; and three Peeresses in their own right, the Countess of Cromartie (Duchess of Sutherland), Baroness Grey De Ruthyn, and Baroness Willoughby De Eresby. During the same period thirty-five Baronets died, viz.—Gore, Grant, Burrows, Buxton, Carden, Harnage, Soame, Edmondstone, Hammick, Peyton, Munro, Marjoribanks, Brooke, Graham, Hodson, Watson-Copley, Cradock-Hartopp, Loder, Doyle, Miles, Montgomery, Stracey, Hardy, Jephson-Norreys, Holyoake-Goodricke, Rose, Lacon, Rowley, Farrington, Waller, Alexander, Chapman, Barclay, Bromhead, and Stirling.

"Burke's Peerage and Baronetage"—the famous record of our hereditary ranks—may be considered a peculiar branch of biographical history; for what great event is not associated with the names and deeds of the noblesse? While carefully narrating contemporary facts, Sir Bernard dwells with especial pleasure on the mighty deeds of the ancestors of our nobility—the proudest and best-born in the world.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Secretary for War has issued amended regulations in regard to the annual extra allowance to be made to the Volunteer Artillery Brigades throughout the country which have accepted movable guns in order to form batteries of position under the home defence scheme. The payments to meet the expense of horses, harness, and transport for batteries of four guns have now been fixed as follows, in addition to the ordinary capitation grant earned by the men:—For each 40-pounder battery, not supplied with a proportion of service waggons, £156 per annum; for each 20 or 40 pounder battery, supplied with waggons, £112; for each 16-pounder battery, supplied with waggons, £100. The conditions which have to be observed are:—The battery must be fully and efficiently horsed four times a year, including the inspection, with cart or farm horses, the number depending upon the class of animal and the decision of the regular officer commanding auxiliary artillery. The corps must undertake to produce when required the full complement of horses necessary for the service of the battery in the field; to provide for the safe custody of the guns, &c., and their protection from the weather in certified buildings; to keep the equipment at all times ready for service; and to have always not less than three complete detachments of men properly trained for the duties with each gun. Corps not supplied with waggons from the War Department stores are directed to arrange locally for the supply of suitable transport to take their place; but the hired transport must be approved by the inspecting officer, and must turn out on the four occasions referred to above.

Clouds House, the country seat of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, at Mere, Wiltshire, was on Jan. 7 totally destroyed by fire.

The mosaic and other decorative work of the new Wellington monument at Hyde Park-corner was executed by Messrs. Burke and Co. (not "Burt," as stated), of 17, Newman-street.

In our notice of the exhibition at the Suffolk-street Gallery, a picture, entitled "The Common Round, the Daily Task," was mentioned as by "Mr. E. M. Bakewell." The artist is a lady, Miss Esther Bakewell, of Hampstead.

Our Portrait of the late Mr. Philip Henry Muntz is from a photograph by J. Collier, of New-street, Birmingham; and that of the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of South Kensington.

Miss Florence Dysart, who made so favourable an impression as Lydia in "Dorothy," is now singing high soprano music—and not contralto, as inadvertently stated in our last issue—as Maid Marian in the Drury-Lane pantomime.

At a general assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists, held on Jan. 7, Mr. G. Tinworth, and Mr. Owen Hale (sculptors), Mr. W. Follen Bishop, Mr. Henry Charles Fox, Mr. John Fraser, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. George E. Hicks, Mr. W. S. Jay, Mr. G. G. Kilburne, jun., and Mr. W. H. Pike (painters) were elected members of the society.

## ZANZIBAR.

The position of the island of Zanzibar, in about the sixth degree of latitude south of the Equator, opposite to a wide "bight" or bay of the east coast of Africa, from which it is divided by a channel some thirty miles in breadth, commands the maritime access to the Lake District of the interior of that Continent, and in the hands of a strong European Power, instead of an Arab Sultan, would probably become the instrument of commercial supremacy and vast territorial conquests. Its destiny is just now a consideration of high political importance, with regard to the division of German and British colonising enterprise on the mainland, the combined naval blockade for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the insurrection of the Suaheli coast tribes against the German settlements. Zanzibar is an island forty-eight miles long and eighteen miles broad, formed by a reef of madrepore, with hills not above 400 ft. high, and covered with luxuriant vegetation, the soil being in most parts extremely fertile. The climate is sultry, moist, and miasmatic, in spite of the sea-breezes. The population, altogether numbering about 300,000, includes about 14,000 Banyans of the Hindoo trading class from India, many of whom are British subjects; Arabs, chiefly from Oman or Muscat; Parsee merchants; free and slave blacks from different parts of Africa, from the Comoro Islands and Madagascar; and the native race, who live in huts of wattle and clay. The port of Zanzibar is a fine bay or harbour on the west coast, fronting Africa; and the town, which has at least 60,000 inhabitants, is shown in our Illustration. It is built on a low projecting spit of land, the houses being of durable coral limestone. It contains twenty or thirty mosques, several markets, the palace of the Sultan, and a fort of no great strength, besides the houses of foreign merchants and their stores. The late Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Burghash, was very friendly to England, and his visit to London will not be forgotten. The connection between Southern Arabia and Zanzibar is of very ancient date, but was long interrupted by the Portuguese dominion, which on this part of the East African coast has been abandoned, though it is still a reality in the Mozambique Channel and far to the south. Zanzibar, however, did not exercise any functions of actual government on the mainland, while claiming a titular sovereignty along its seacoast; and it remains to be seen now whether either of the German or the English Companies recently formed will be able to use the powers assigned to them, respectively, for the civilisation of the Washuaheli and of the Masai, in a region ill-suited to European settlement, and scarcely accessible to a military expedition. The Sketches are by Mr. W. A. Churchill, brother to the Vice-Consul at Zanzibar.

The Law Courts were reopened for the Hilary sittings on Friday, Jan. 11.

The first of the two additional concerts given by Madame Adelina Patti at the Royal Albert Hall took place on Jan. 8.

"Sweet Lavender" reached its 300th performance at Terry's Theatre on Friday, Jan. 11.

Kirkstall Abbey, which Colonel North has just presented to Leeds, is the scene of Joseph Hatton's popular shilling story, "The Abbey Murder," published by Spencer Blackett.

The new infirmary in connection with the Birmingham Workhouse, which has been erected at a cost of nearly £70,000, was formally opened on Jan. 9 at a banquet given by the chairman of the Board of Guardians, Councillor Brinsley.

A fire broke out at the Metropolitan Meat Market on the evening of Jan. 6, and though nearly a hundred firemen were soon on the spot with thirteen steamers, it was not extinguished until thirty shops and part of the roof had been damaged or destroyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were on Jan. 8 the recipients of addresses and presents from the constituents of the right hon. gentleman in the Townhall, Birmingham. In acknowledging them, Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the necessity for the world that the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race should remain on good terms with each other.

On Jan. 17 the ballad concerts at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, will commence with a monster concert in aid of the funds for the purchase of Vauxhall Park as an open space for the people. Madame Antoinette Sterling and numerous other eminent artistes have promised to give their services freely on the occasion.

The performance at Brompton Hospital, on Jan. 8, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Karslake, consisted of vocal and instrumental music by the Misses Turner, Miss Wood, Miss Bowra, and Dr. Ramsden Wood, with a recitation by Mr. Lewis Karslake. Also "Box and Cox," in which the characters were well performed by the Misses Mary and Agnes Karslake, and Miss M. Josselyn. The evening was a very enjoyable one.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute took place on Jan. 7, when the election of sixty-eight new members and associates were announced. A paper on "Colours in Nature" was read by Dr. Walker, in which he described the influence of light and colour, and the varieties of colour prevalent in various branches of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He also referred to the use of colours in the worship and customs of different ancient nations.

All the preliminary arrangements have been completed by the deputy returning officers throughout the metropolis for the forthcoming elections to the London County Council. Nominations were received on Wednesday, and the deputy returning officer of each metropolitan borough attended at the place of nomination on the following day to receive and adjudicate upon any objections to the nomination papers. The polling takes place on Jan. 17, between the hours of eight a.m. and eight p.m., on the new register, and all ratepayers who qualified at the last revision will be able to vote.

The trial of Mr. Finucane, M.P., Mr. Moran (solicitor), Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Landon, for conspiring to induce parties not to occupy evicted farms, was concluded at Ballyneety on Jan. 4, when Mr. Moran was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and Mr. Finucane and the other defendants each to a month's imprisonment. An application to increase the last three sentences, with a view to an appeal, was refused. Mr. Moran gave notice of appeal.—At the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, on the same day, two summonses were served on Mr. William O'Brien, charging him with inciting persons to take part in a criminal conspiracy.

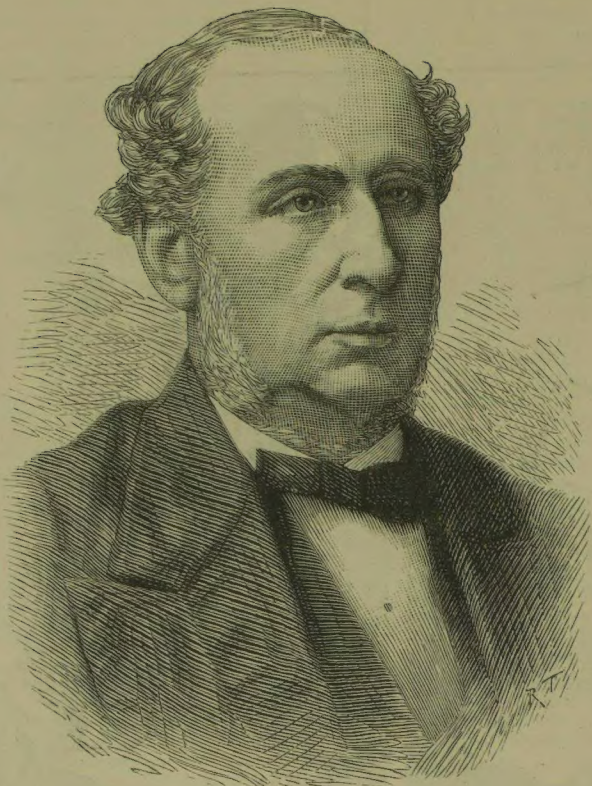
"Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press," now in the ninth year of its annual issue, contains 1400 large pages, and has the outer edges of its pages coloured and lettered, to show readily the sections into which it is divided. It is scarcely possible to think that advertisers can want more information about papers and periodical publications than is found here, or that the information given could be placed better for ready reference. Dr. Blake Odgers discourses of the law of libel, and his work is, of course, brought up to date. There are curious papers about "Printers' Land," with gossip about the small district in London in which almost all metropolitan papers and most English books are set in type and printed. The history of the principal daily papers is given in brief, and there is pleasant information about journalism in Japan and elsewhere.



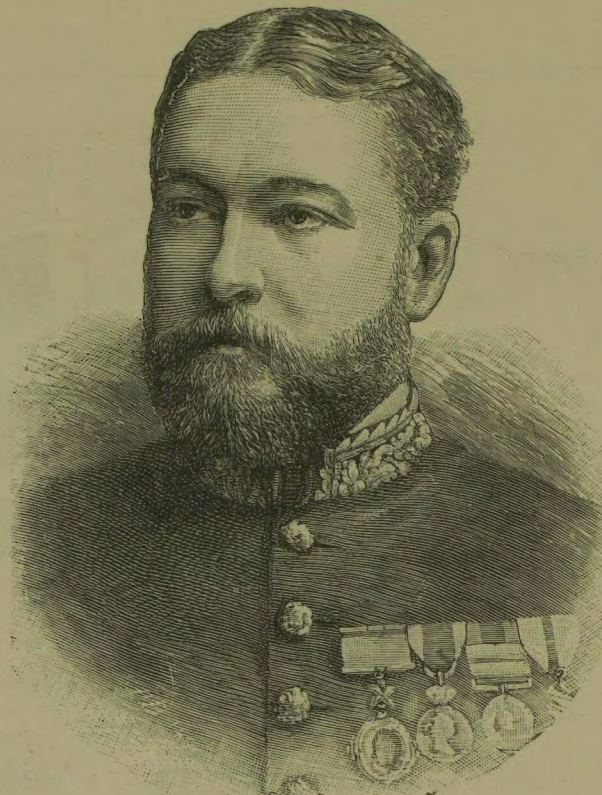


BIRD-SHOW OF THE LONDON ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.





THE LATE MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE,  
PUBLISHER.



COLONEL EUAN SMITH, C.S.I., C.B.,  
BRITISH AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL AT ZANZIBAR.

### COLONEL EUAN SMITH, C.S.I., C.B.

The appointment, in 1887, of Colonel Euan Smith to the important post of her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, has soon afforded him an opportunity of performing valuable political services upon the occasion of the present disturbed state of affairs on the East Coast of Africa. The Queen has very recently signified her approval of his acts by conferring on him the distinction of Companion of the Bath. This officer, who entered the Madras Army in 1859, and obtained his commission as Lieutenant in the Queen's Army in April, 1861, passed examinations with certificates of high proficiency in the Hindustani and Persian languages, and served in the Abyssinian War, in command of the Coolie Corps, was present at the capture of Magdala, and was sent back from there in charge of the released captives; he was secretary to Sir Frederick Goldsmid's Mission to Persia, with rank of Major, from 1870 to November, 1872; Private Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere on a special mission to the Sultans of Zanzibar and Muscat in 1872; served with the Mission until its return to England, and received the thanks of Government for services rendered. After being

on special duty in the India Office, he returned to India in April, 1875, and his services were placed at the disposal of the Foreign Department. He was Officiating Political Agent, first class, and Political Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar in 1875; and received the thanks of Government for his exertions in connection with the suppression of the slave trade. Colonel Euan Smith was again on military service throughout the Afghan War, being five times mentioned in despatches, and earning the medals, the bronze star, and the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was appointed in July, 1879, to Special Political Duty on the Staff of Sir Donald Stewart, commanding the Southern Afghanistan Field Force, and remained at Candahar as Political Officer till he accompanied General Stewart, as Chief Political Officer, on his march from Candahar to Cabul. In May, 1880, he was deputed to assume political charge, with General Hill's division, in the Logar Valley; but was afterwards placed on political duty with the Cabul-Candahar Field Force, under command of Sir Frederick Roberts. After the battle at Kandahra, he had to proceed with two regiments and reopen communications on the road to Chaman, and was engaged in this duty and in collection of supplies for the return march of the force until

the middle of October. He was Officiating Resident at Meywar in 1882; Assistant Political Agent at Banswara, Bhartpur, and Karauli in 1883; was gazetted as Political Agent at Bikanir, but remained in charge of the current duties of the Bhartpur and Karauli Agency, and became Resident at Meywar, with a substantive appointment. He is a Companion of the Order of the Star of India since November, 1872; and attained the full rank of Colonel in 1885.

A general court of the members of the Scottish Corporation was held on Jan. 2 in the hall of the corporation, Crane-court, Fleet-street, under the presidency of Mr. Robert Hepburn. The annual report of the committee of management, which was agreed to, showed that the income of the corporation from all sources, exclusive of legacies and bonus on the conversion of stock, was £4604; and the total expenditure for relief and general disbursement, £5256. The committee recorded with satisfaction an increase in the subscriptions as compared with the previous year. They regretted, however, that the donations and life-subscriptions showed a falling off as compared with former years. The amount spent in relief and passages to Scotland was £4125, an excess of £149 over that of last year.



THE ISLAND AND TOWN OF ZANZIBAR, OPPOSITE THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.





"VOLS. I., II., AND III."

PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.



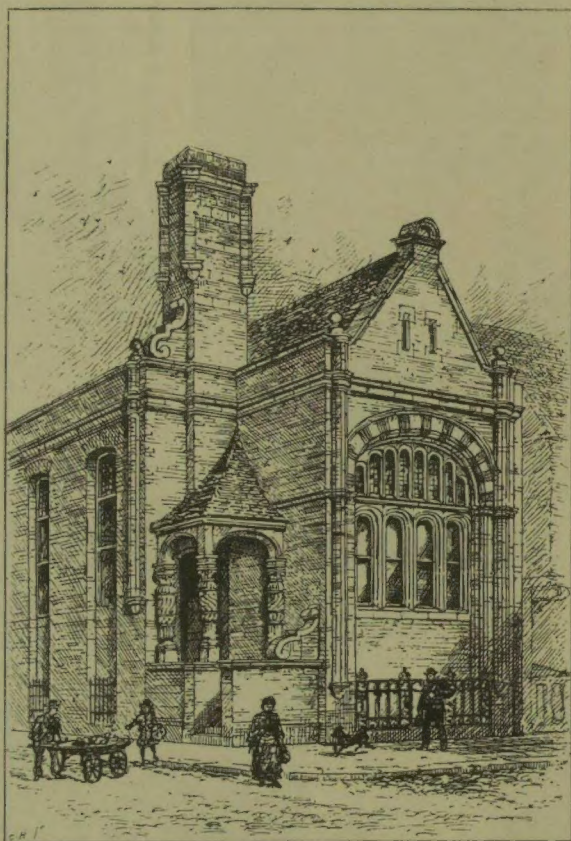
## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The council of the Royal Academy may be fairly congratulated on the success of their twentieth winter exhibition. Two regrettable circumstances have contributed to this result—the deaths of the Duke of Rutland and of Mr. Frank Holl. The successor to the title of Rutland and the heirlooms of Belvoir has recognised, more directly than did his predecessor, how much public taste was fostered and improved by the sight of great works; whilst the friends and patrons of our lately most prominent portrait-painter have been eager to mark their sense of his position as an artist. In addition, the revival, after a year's interval, of the exhibition of the Turner water-colours once more brings into prominence the astounding capacity and industry of that gifted man. With Rembrandt and Frank Holl he shares—and, in some opinions, may take a very large share—in the glories of the present exhibition, and to the works of two of these this first notice will be mainly confined.

To Rembrandt, the *doyen d'âge*, our first respects should be paid. He is represented by a score of works illustrative of the striking compass and versatility of this master's powers. His strength lay in his treatment of *chiaro-oscuro*, and in the often startling effects which he produced by the concentration of the light upon a single point, whence it seemed to radiate over the entire canvas. This luminous point was in most cases almost the centre of the picture; but in the interesting full-length study of an old man (117) lent by Mr. Humphrey Ward, we find the light altogether shifted, without any detriment to the general effect. This little picture, which may possibly have been an impression or a model study intended by the painter for subsequent use, is painted with great freedom and breadth. It is the type of a race of which hundreds may still be seen in the streets of Amsterdam, with their costumes, even to the high red cap, slightly modified by the changing fashions of two centuries and a half. From the old Jew to the "Good Samaritan" (119) the transition is natural, and here again we have an even more striking instance of how Rembrandt could throw into a limited space an amount of incident and character which those who know him only as a painter of life-size figures can scarcely appreciate. In this and the portrait of a young man (116), both lent by Sir Richard Wallace, we get a glimpse of the results which constant use of the graver and copper-plate has had upon Rembrandt's power. It is, however, in the great gallery (No. III.), of which one side is dedicated to the display of Rembrandt's works, that we see him to the best advantage; although one must express regret that the magnificent line of *chefs d'œuvre* should be broken by "The Unmerciful Servant" (158), a work wholly out of keeping and tone with the remainder. It comes from Sir Richard Wallace's collection, and that should be a guarantee of its genuineness; but we hardly like to credit Rembrandt with the hard lines and stiff attitudes of the leading figures. It hangs between two portraits of the painter—one belonging to the same owner (159) and the other to Lord Ilchester (157). The latter, for richness and brilliancy, stands out as one of the artist's most successful efforts, and belongs to the period (about 1658) when he was in the plenitude of his powers. It is interesting to trace, by the means of the various works exhibited, Rembrandt's emancipation from the old Dutch traditions of Franz Hals, Morelse, and Lastmann. His bright, clear-cut rendering of his mother (164), in a black silk dress and white cap and ruff, belongs to the earlier period, and was painted when he was scarcely more than five-and-twenty years old; to which period belong also "The Burgomaster Palekan" (156) and his wife and daughter (165). "The Shipbuilder and his Wife" (167), lent by her Majesty, shows a step towards a more dramatic style; but the progress towards his higher and more matured style is seen to greater advantage in her Majesty's portrait of "A Lady" (160), in a rich embroidered dress, standing at an open window, which in directness and suggestiveness deserves to be placed beside the portrait of Anna Wijmer, one of the glories of the Six collection. "The Shipbuilder," it may be mentioned, was purchased by the Prince Regent at the sale of the Lafontaine collection at Messrs. Christie's in 1811 for 5000 guineas. In the other picture from the Buckingham Palace, the Burgomaster Pancras and wife (163), Rembrandt goes a step further in his marvellous power of distributing the light over his whole work, giving to every part of it its proper share, and allowing all insignificant details to be lost in gloom and shade. It was in this particular that he differed so essentially from his fellow-countrymen, even the most skilful, who were content to spread over their whole work a uniform light, giving to every accessory and detail the same importance. To what magnificent results this boldness and independence led is evidenced by his portrait of himself (157), lent by Lord Ilchester, which may be justly regarded as the crowning work of the series. It is not easy for anyone to throw Rubens into the background, but the single portrait by him in the gallery, that of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey (169), in spite of its brilliancy and spirit, will not shake the supremacy which on this occasion Rembrandt maintains. The unfinished work of Rubens, the "Marriage of Mars and Venus" (170), can scarcely be interesting even to artists, except as showing the way in which the great Fleming worked, and how little he did to canvases which bear his name. It is absurd to suppose that a man so busy as Rubens would have wasted his time on details of finish or metal work; or that he would have touched such supplementary points until the central figure had given the note to the whole work.

Two galleries are devoted to the works of the late Mr. Frank Holl, and they convey a very adequate idea of the artist's industry during the five-and-twenty years his professional career lasted. As is well known, his first attraction was towards the sadder, and often tragic, side of life's struggle, and it was only during the last ten years of his career that he was absorbed in the more lucrative pursuit of portrait-painting. With the latter phase of his art the public is well acquainted, and we are, therefore, the more grateful to the council of the Royal Academy for having obtained so many excellent specimens of Holl's work as a moralist and incident-painter. Of the first year of his life as an artist we have three specimen works, "Industry" (184), a cottage interior, homely and quiet in colour and arrangement; a more complicated work, "The Ordeal" (193), in which a certain note of Mr. Frith's work is struck. It represents a studio and the artist suffering the tortures inflicted by his vulgar but rich patrons; and a small portrait of himself (223), then only eighteen years of age. For four years Holl seems to have worked for himself and for his masters at the Academy Schools; at any rate we have nothing from him until 1867, when he seems to have ventured upon more imaginative work in his "Faces in the Fire" (204), a careful study of a small child with bare legs, attentively gazing in the fire. The same model seems to have furnished him his idea of the "Convalescent" (216), a small figure of a child in bed, but already giving signs of returning health and interest. In the following year Holl gained the Travelling Studentship of the Royal Academy by his powerful rendering of a bereaved household under the title of "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken

away" (185), which, exhibited after the artist's departure, obtained for him a prompt recognition by the public. On his return from the Continent Holl continued to work on in his own way, and, in 1871, his "No Tidings from the Sea" (211)—a cottage interior which tells its own sad story of anguish and bereavement—was purchased by her Majesty. His picture of the following year, "I am the Resurrection and the Life" (212) gives the more hopeful side of death, and by it Holl's position as an artist of power as well as of originality was firmly established. He had succeeded in giving new life to English pathetic art, and had boldly rescued it from the mawkish sentimentality which, for so many years, threatened its existence. With the exception of his own portrait already alluded to, that of Mr. George E. Richardson (213), exhibited in 1878, was the first work of this sort done by Holl. It is a simple seated figure in everyday costume against a grey background, and although it has distinction as well as force it scarcely prepared the public for what was so soon to follow; but the portrait of Signor Piatti (236) with his double bass which appeared in the following year ushered in the series of successful portraits with which Frank Holl's name will for ever be associated. It is not necessary to run through the names in the order in which they were painted to measure the rise of the artist's power and popularity; and although some of his very greatest works are missing from this exhibition, enough are sent to enable us to follow his career. In 1880 he painted the portrait of Sir Rupert Kettle (224), in his wig and gown; in 1881 he tried his hand, with great success, on the clergy in the person of Dr. Cradock (188), then Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford; on military men, in Sir Henry Rawlinson (202); and on naval men, in the venerable Captain Sim (220), Mr. Goschen's great-uncle, who was upwards of ninety when this portrait was taken. In the following year the legal profession, represented by Lord Hobhouse (186) and Vice-Chancellor Bacon (219), came as sitters; and from this time forward he seems to have devoted himself almost exclusively to portraits. His last subject-picture here exhibited is the spirited sketch "Returned from the Wars" (197), representing a



SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL HALL, UNION-STREET, SOUTHWARK.

Highland regiment marching through a seaport town, surrounded by their wives and friends, a companion picture to "Ordered to the Front" (195), which he had painted in the preceding year. Of his more recent portraits few attracted or deserved more notice than that of the Duke of Cleveland (194), painted in 1885, in which the aristocratic refinement of the face was retained in spite of the ravages of time. In the following year he painted, with characteristic insight, Sir George Trevelyan, in which a certain weakness of character is seized with almost prophetic touch. The seated portrait of Mr. John Bright (227), painted for the Reform Club, although belonging to the artist's latest manner, seems to us to fall far short of the power and sympathy displayed in that of Lord Dufferin, painted shortly before the Viceroy's departure for India, which will, we think, long hold the first rank among this gifted artist's finest work. The general impression produced by this assemblage of interesting pictures is the reverse of what had been anticipated. The idea that Mr. Holl's work was monotonous in colour is dispelled by the result; and although the arrangement of the pictures, from the student's point of view, is ridiculous and detestable, it must be admitted that it shows the artist's work to the best advantage.

At the South Kensington Museum a small but interesting collection of drawings is now exhibited on the screens of the Water-Colour Gallery. They are the work and partly the bequest of the late Mr. Arthur Ditchfield, who well deserves a place in our national collection. His painting was of that delicate and finished style which gives the special *cachet* to the "Old Society," and of which Mr. Alfred Fripp is one of the chief exponents. Mr. Ditchfield was less known to the general public, for the possession of ample means saved him from the necessity of working *incitâ Minervâ*. Happily his taste, as well as his talent, saved him from those eccentricities into which "independent" artists so frequently fall. Mr. Ditchfield not only worked with ardour, but was animated with a refined feeling for Nature, and his works will survive as evidence of the best traditions of the English water-colour painting, and we can honestly congratulate the South Kensington Museum on its latest acquisitions.

During the year 1888 the amount subscribed for the three great English Masonic benevolent institutions exceeded by £21,855 the largest annual sum hitherto collected for them.

The Rev. John Triphook, Rector of Schull, county Cork, died at Skibbereen on Dec. 31, at the extraordinary age of 107.—There is in Greenwich workhouse a man named John Sullivan, aged 103 years. He is quite blind, but his general health, to use his own words, is "as sound as a bell."

## "VOLS. I., II., AND III."

The three-volume novel is a peculiar institution of the London book-publishing trade, which is believed to have business reasons for its invention and continuance in the custom of local circulating libraries—not such as Mr. Mudie's, but such as the country bookseller, in watering-places and small towns or villages, often finds it worth his while to set up. At what price he is supplied, by the publisher or by some intermediate dealer, with the unbound sheets of copies which are unsaleable, in London or elsewhere, over any bookseller's counter, is a mystery not to be revealed. If half-a-guinea the volume be the nominal price of the freshly-issued work of literary fiction, clad in its splendid attire of scarlet or green cloth with gilt lettering, to greet the eyes of the author and the author's friends, and to win the respectful attention of critical reviewers, it may well happen that three-fourths of the number printed, within about two months, are consigned to the lending libraries, all over the United Kingdom and the Colonies, at half-a-crown the volume. This is a fair price for the quantity of printed matter they contain, to say nothing of their literary merit; the best and newest French or German original contributions to literature may be purchased at no greater cost. The English circulating-library keeper, getting his unbound copies on such easy terms, proceeds to bind them, cheaply and rudely, for sixpence a volume, in the three thin volumes arranged by the author and publisher, and to charge twopence or threepence for the brief separate loan of each volume, thereby recouping his outlay and gaining a profit out of his first dozen readers. No serious objection can be urged against this practice, for the buying of novels, except those of a few eminent or favourite authors, is an unheard-of folly in private families of competent affluence, and nine-tenths of those published would be a distasteful encumbrance after the first reading; but it is a singular proof of their ephemeral reputation. A work that is found to have any abiding element of interest will soon be reprinted in a one-volume edition, and will have a large and ready sale at six shillings, its form being more convenient for the domestic book-shelf. All this has been frequently remarked; but its effect on the leisure pastime of three young ladies, two of them apparently sisters, who are sojourning with their family at a seaside resort on our southern coast, is represented in the artist's picture, and is denoted by its significant title. They have borrowed "Vol. I.," "Vol. II.," and "Vol. III.," simultaneously, of that soul-thrilling romance of passion, "The Emptied Heart," by Amelia Mudge, from the respectable shopkeeper in Fisher-street, who sells writing-paper and envelopes, ink, wax, and steel pens, also fancy worsted, Christmas cards, Church prayer-books, children's toys, and the *Saltington Herald*. The time for reading this story being limited to three days, and the young ladies agreeing to divide the pleasure equally, none can wait for a volume till another has read it, or the last would have no chance; so Miss Ethel takes Vol. I., Miss Gertrude Vol. II., and Miss Mabel Vol. III., sitting together on their accustomed bench on the Esplanade, and, before luncheon-time, we dare say, each will have perused half a volume. They will be at it again in the evening, and will exchange volumes at bedtime, when Gertrude will explore Vol. I., to discover the antecedents of that middle of the story which she already knows; while Mabel will sit up long after midnight to learn how the unhappy heroine was robbed of her heart's treasure of first and passionate love by the treachery and perfidy of a base and hollow world, and was plunged into her desperate embarrassments of the third volume. Imaginative authors might accommodate this usage of their works by such hasty readers; let the narrative sometimes run backwards, or let an epitome of the preceding volume or two be prefixed to the one which follows; then Mabel and Gertrude would be able to understand the whole story as clearly as Ethel; there would be no risk of premature "telling" and spoiling the interest of the tale. Three consecutive volumes at once, in the hands of three girls who cannot help talking of what is in their minds, are a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

## SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL HALL, SOUTHWARK.

In that crowded, poor district of South London which lies between High-street, in the Borough, and Blackfriars-road, behind the warehouses and factories of the leading thoroughfares in Southwark, a religious and charitable mission, located in Pepper-street, has been going on for some years, in connection with the London City Mission and Ragged School Union. Gospel services, children's services, Sunday schools, evening classes, and "ragged schools," free breakfasts and dinners weekly in winter, and a drum-and-bone band for the boys, soon proved beneficial; and it was latterly resolved to move out of the close and narrow premises, an old greengrocer's shop, making an effort to erect a suitable building. A committee for this purpose was formed, with the late Lord Mount-Temple at its head, Mr. F. A. Bevan treasurer, and Mr. C. M. Sawell honorary secretary; funds were subscribed, and the building shown in our Illustration, named the Shaftesbury Memorial Hall, to commemorate that great Christian philanthropist, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, has been erected in Union-street. The architects were Messrs. Spalding and Auld. The new hall was opened on Dec. 22, by the Earl of Aberdeen.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1888.

It appears from the *Publishers' Circular* that the number of new books published in 1888 was 4960, as compared with 4410 in 1887. The new editions numbered 1631 in 1888, and 1276 in 1887. The chief increase was in novels. The *Circular* says:—"Religious books, both new works and new editions, show a considerable advance in numbers. School books, including editions of the classics, and treatises on the science of language, show a similarly large increase. Juvenile works appear to have been produced in less number than in the preceding year. The quantity of books published on social and political economy, trade, finance, &c., is almost exactly the same as that of last year. Illustrated works, arts, &c., which include all kinds of 'practical' books, is a department in which the increase of production is no less than 50 per cent. In new books of voyages and travels, the number is almost identical with that of last year. This section includes guides for travellers. As an example of the vagaries of statistics, we may point to the class 'poetry and the drama' as showing a production in 1888 twice as great as that of 1887. Of books which we have found it impossible to relegate to any particular class, we observe that the past year has brought us just 50 per cent more than its predecessor. Belles-lettres, essays, &c., and the section 'year books and serials in volumes' are nearly the same in number as they were last year. The same may be said of 'medicine and surgery.'"

Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., has been appointed Judge of the Halifax County Court, in place of Judge Snagge, transferred to Oxfordshire.



# CLEOPATRA:

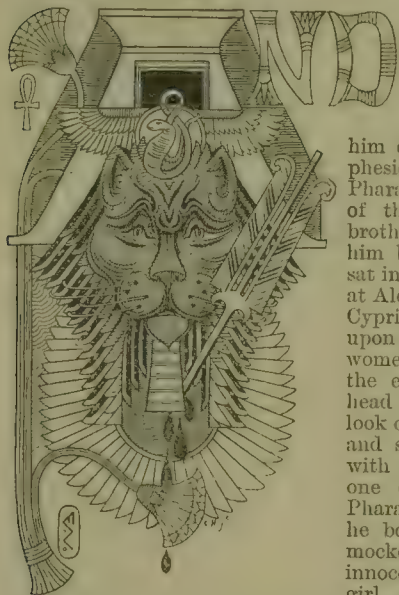
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER II.

OF THE DISOBEDIENCE OF HARMACHIS; OF THE SLAYING OF THE LION; AND OF THE SPEECH OF THE OLD WIFE, ATOUNA.



after these things Ptolemy the Piper troubled us no more, nor did he again send his soldiers to Abouthis to seek for him of whom it was prophesied that he should be Pharaoh. For the head of the child, my foster-brother, was brought to him by the eunuch as he sat in his palace of marble at Alexandria, flushed with Cyprian wine, and played upon the flute before his women. And at his bidding the eunuch lifted up the head by the hair for him to look on. Then he laughed and smote it on the cheek with his sandal, and bade one of the girls crown Pharaoh with flowers. And he bowed the knee, and mocked the head of the innocent child. But the girl, who was sharp of tongue—for all of this I heard in after years—said to him “that he did well to bow the knee, for this child was indeed Pharaoh, the greatest of Pharaohs, and his name was the Osiris and his throne was *Death*.”

At this saying Aulêtes was much troubled, and shook and trembled, for, being a wicked man, he greatly feared the entering into Amonti. So he caused the girl to be slain, because of the evil omen of her saying; crying that he would send her to worship that Pharaoh whom she had named. And the other women he sent away, and played no more upon the flute till he was once again drunk on the morrow. But the Alexandrians made a song thereon which is still sung about the streets. And this is the beginning thereof—

Ptolemy the Piper played  
Over dead and dying;  
Piped and played he well,  
Sure that flute of his was made  
Of the dank reed sighing  
O'er the streams of Hell.

There beneath the shadows grey,  
With the sisters three,  
Shall he pipe for many a day,  
May the Frog his butler be!  
And his wine the water of that country—  
Ptolemy the Piper!

After this the years passed on, nor did I, being very little, know anything of the great things that came to pass in Egypt; nor is it my purpose here to set them out. For I, Harmachis, will speak only of those things with which I have been concerned.

And as the time went on, my father and the teachers instructed me in the ancient learning of our people and in such matters appertaining to the Gods as it is meet that children should know. So I grew strong and comely, for my hair was black as the hair of the divine Nout, and my eyes were blue as the blue lotus, and my skin was as the alabaster within the sanctuaries. For now that these glories have passed from me I may speak of them without shame. Strong I was also. There was no youth of my years in Abouthis who could stand against me to wrestle with me, nor could any throw so far with the sling or spear. And much I yearned to hunt the lion; but he whom I called my father forbade me to hunt, telling me that my life was of too great worth to be so lightly hazarded. But when I bowed myself before him and prayed he would make his meaning clear to me, the old man frowned and answered that the Gods made all things clear in their own season. For my part, however, I went away wroth, for there was a youth in Abouthis who with others had slain a lion that fell upon his father's herds, and, being envious of my strength and beauty, he set it about that I was cowardly at heart, in that when I went out to hunt I slew naught but jackals and gazelles. Now, this was when I had reached my seventeenth year and was a man grown.

It chanced, therefore, that as I went sore at heart from the presence of the High Priest, my father, I met this youth, who called to me and mocked me, bidding me know the country people had told him that a great lion was down among the rushes by the banks of the canal which runs past the Temple, lying at a distance of thirty stadia from Abouthis. And, still mocking me, he asked me if I would come and help him slay this lion, or would I go and sit among the old women and bid them comb my side lock. This bitter word so angered me that I was near to falling on him; but in place thereof, forgetting my father's saying, I answered that if he would come alone, I would go with him and seek this lion, and he should learn if I were indeed a coward. And at first he would not, for, as men know, it is our custom to hunt the lion in companies; so it was my hour to mock. Thereon he went and fetched his bow and arrows and a sharp knife. And I brought forth my heavy spear, which had a shaft of thorn-wood, and at the end thereof a pomegranate in silver, to hold the hand from slipping; and, together, in silence, we went, side by side, to where the lion lay. When we came to the place, it was near sundown; and there, upon the mud of the canal-bank, we found the lion's slot, which ran into a thick clump of reeds.

“Now, thou boaster,” I said, “wilt thou lead the way into yonder reeds, or shall I?” And I made as though I would lead the way.

“Nay, nay,” he answered, “be not so mad! The brute will spring upon thee and rend thee. See! I will shoot among the reeds! Perchance, if he sleeps, it will arouse him.” And he drew his bow at a venture.

And how it chanced I know not, but the arrow struck the sleeping lion, and, like a flash of light from the belly of a cloud, he bounded forth from the shelter of the reeds, and stood before us with bristling mane and yellow eyes, the

arrow quivering in his flank. He roared aloud in fury, and the earth shook.

“Shoot with the bow,” I cried, “shoot swiftly ere he springs!”

But the courage had left the breast of the boaster, his jaw dropped down and his fingers unloosed their hold so that the bow fell from them; then, with a loud cry he turned and fled behind me, leaving the lion in my path. But while I stood waiting my doom, for though I was sore afraid I would not fly, the lion crouched himself, and, turning not aside, with one great bound swept over me, touching me not. He lit, and again he bounded full on the boaster's back, striking him such a blow with his great paw that his head was crushed as an egg thrown against a stone. He fell down dead, and the lion stood and roared over him. Then I was mad with horror, and, scarce knowing what I did, I grasped my spear and with a shout I charged. As I charged the lion lifted himself up on his hinder legs, to greet me, so that his head stood up above me. He smote at me with his paw; but with all my strength I drove the broad spear into his throat, and, shrinking from the agony of the steel, his blow fell short and did no more than rip the skin. Back he fell, the great spear far in his throat; then rising, he roared in pain and leapt twice the height of a man straight into the air, smiting at the spear with his fore-paws. Twice he leapt thus, horrible to see, and twice he fell upon his back. Then his strength spent itself with his rushing blood, and groaning like a bull, he died; and I, being but a lad, stood and trembled with fear now that all cause of fear had passed.

But as I stood, and gazed at the dead body of him who had taunted me, and at the carcass of the lion, a woman, even the same old wife, Atouna, who, though I knew it not as yet, had offered up her flesh and blood that I might be saved alive, came running toward me. For she had been gathering simples, wherein she had great skill, by the water's edge, not knowing that there was a lion nigh (and, indeed, the lions, for the most part, are not found in the tilled land, but rather in the desert and the Libyan mountains), and from a distance had seen that which I have set down. Now, when she came near, she knew me for Harmachis, and, bending herself, she made obeisance to me, and saluted me, calling me Royal, and worthy of all honour, and beloved, and chosen of the Holy Three, ay, and even by the name of the Pharaoh! the Deliverer!

But I, thinking that terror had made her sick of mind, asked of her what she would speak.

“Is it a great thing,” I asked, “that I should slay a lion? Is it a matter worthy of such talk as thine? There live, and have lived, men who have slain many lions. Did not the Divine Tahutimes the Osirian slay with his own hand more than two hundred lions? Is it not written on the tablet that is between the paws of the living Horemku (the Sphinx) that is set beyond Memfi, nigh to the seven pyramids, that he slew lions aforesaid? And have not others done likewise? Why, then, speakest thou thus, O foolish woman?”

All of which I said, because, having now slain the lion, I was minded, after the manner of youth, to hold it as a thing of no account. But she ceased not to make obeisance, and to call me by names that are too high even to be written.

“O Royal One,” she cried, “wisely did thy mother prophesy. Surely the Holy Spirit, the Knepth, was in her. O thou conceived by a God! See the omen. The lion there—he growls within the Capitol at Rome—and the dead man, he is the Ptolemy—the Macedonian spawn that, like a foreign weed, hath overgrown the land of Nile: with the Macedonian Lagidas shalt thou go to smite the Lion of Rome. And the Macedonian cur shall fly, and the lion shall strike him down, and thou shalt strikedown the lion, and the land of Khem shall once more be free! free! free! Keep thyself but pure, according to the Commandment of the Gods, O son of the Royal House! O hope of Khemi! be but ware of Woman the Destroyer, and, as I have said, so shall it be. Poor am I, and wretched; yea, stricken with sorrow. I have sinned in speaking of that which should be hid, and for my sin have I paid in the coin of that which was born of my womb: willingly have I paid for thee. But I have still of the wisdom of our people, nor do the Gods, in whose eyes all are equal, turn their countenance from the poor. The Divine Mother (Isis) hath spoken to me—but last night she spake—bidding me come hither to gather herbs, and read to thee the signs that I should see. And, as I have said, so shall it come to pass, if thou canst but endure the weight of the great temptation. Come hither, Royal One!” and she led me to the edge of the canal, where the water was deep, and still and blue. “Now gaze upon that face as the water throws it back. Is not that brow fitted to bear the double crown? Do not those gentle eyes mirror the perfect majesty of kings? Hath not the Ptah, the Creator, fashioned that form to fit the Imperial garb, and awe the glance of multitudes looking through thee to God?”

“Nay, nay,” she went on in another voice—a shrill old wife's voice—“I will—be not so foolish, boy—the scratch of a lion is a venomous thing, a terrible thing; yea, as bad as the bite of an asp—it must be treated, or else it will fester, and all thy days shalt thou dream of lions; ay, and snakes; and, also, it will break out in sores. But I know of it—I know. I am not crazed for nothing. For mark, everything has its balance—in madness is much wisdom, and in wisdom much madness. *La! la! la!* Pharaoh himself can't say where the one begins and the other ends. Now, don't stand gazing there, looking as silly as a cat in a crocus-coloured robe; but just let me stick these green things on the place, and in six days you'll heal up as white as a three-year child. Never mind the smart of it, lad. By Him who sleeps at Philæ, or at Abouthis, or at Abydos—as our divine masters have it now—or wherever He does sleep, which is a thing we shall all find out before we want to—by Osiris, I say, you'll live to be as clean from scars as a sacrifice to Isis at the new moon, if you'll but let me put it on.”

“Is it not so, good folk?”—and she turned to address some people who had, unseen by me, assembled while she prophesied—“I've been speaking a spell over him, just to make a way for the virtue of my medicine—*la! la!* there's nothing like a spell. If you don't believe it, just you come to me next time your wives are barren; it's better than scraping every pillar in the Temple of Osiris, I warrant. I'll make 'em bear like a twenty-year-old palm. But then, you see, you must know what to say—that's the point—everything comes to a point at last. *La! la!*”

Now, when I heard all this, I, Harmachis, put my hand to my head not knowing if I dreamed. But presently looking up, I saw a grey-haired man among those who were gathered together, who watched us sharply, and afterwards I learned that this man was the spy of Ptolemy, yea, the very man who had wellnigh caused me to be slain of Pharaoh when I was in my cradle. And then I understood why Atouna spoke so foolishly.

“Thine are strange spells, old wife,” he said. “Thou didst speak of Pharaoh and the double crown and of a form fashioned by Ptah to bear it; is it not so?”

“Yea, yea—part of the spell, thou fool; and what can one swear by better now-a-days than by the Divine Pharaoh, the

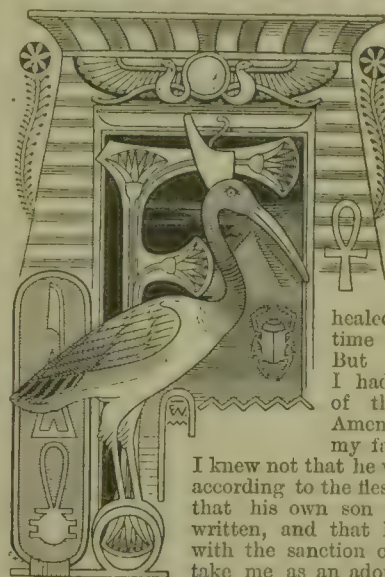
Piper, whom, and whose music, may the Gods preserve to charm this happy land?—what better than by the double crown he wears—grace to great Alexander of Macedonia? By-the-way, you know about everything: have they got back his chlamys yet, which Mithridates took to Cos? Pompey wore it last, didn't he?—in his triumph, too—just fancy Pompey in the cloak of Alexander!—a puppy-dog in a lion's skin! And talking of lions, look what this lad hath done—slain a lion with his own spear; and right glad you village folks should be to see it, for it was a very fierce lion—just see his teeth and his claws—his claws!—they are enough to make a poor silly old woman like me shriek to look at them! And the body there, the dead body—the lion slew it. Alack! he's an Osiris\* now, the body—and to think of it, but half an hour ago he was an everyday mortal like you or me! Well, away with him to the embalmers. He'll soon swell in the sun and burst, and that will save them the trouble of cutting him open. Not that they will spend a talent of silver over him anyway. Seventy days in natron—that's all he's likely to get. *La! la!* how my tongue does run, and it's getting dark. Come, arn't you going to take away the body of that poor lad, and the lion, too? There, my boy, you keep those herbs on, and you'll never feel your scratches. I know a thing or two for all I'm crazy, and you, my own grandson! Dear, dear, I'm glad his Holiness the High Priest adopted you when Pharaoh made an end of his son; you look so bonny. I warrant the real Harmachis could not have killed a lion like that. Give me the common blood say-I, it's so lusty.”

“You know too much,” grumbled the spy, now quite deceived. “Well, he is a brave youth. Here, you men, bear this body back to Abouthis, and some of you stop and help me skin the lion. We'll send the skin to you, young man,” he went on; “not that you deserve it. To attack a lion like that was the act of a fool, and a fool deserves what he gets—destruction. Never attack the strong until you are stronger.”

But for my part I went home wondering.

## CHAPTER III.

OF THE REBUKE OF AMENEMHAT; OF THE PRAYER OF HARMACHIS; AND OF THE SIGN GIVEN BY THE HOLY GODS.



OR a while as I, Harmachis, went, the juice of the green herbs which the old wife, Atouna, had placed upon my wounds caused me much smart, but presently the pain ceased. And of a truth, I believe that there was virtue in them, for within two days my flesh healed up, so that after a time no marks remained. But I bethought me that I had disobeyed the word of the old High Priest, Amenemhat, who was called my father. For till to-day

I knew not that he was in truth my father according to the flesh, having been taught that his own son was slain as I have written, and that he had been pleased, with the sanction of the Divine ones, to take me as an adopted son and rear me up, that I might in due season fill an office about the temple. Therefore was I sore troubled, for I feared the old man, who was very terrible in his anger, and spake ever with the cold voice of Wisdom. Nevertheless, I determined to go in to him and confess my fault and bear such punishment as he should be pleased to put upon me. So even with the red spear in my hand, and the red wounds on my breast, I passed through the outer court of the great Temple and came to the door of the chamber where the High Priest dwelt. It is a great chamber, sculptured round about with the images of the solemn gods, and the light of Ra (the sun) came to it in the daytime by an opening cut through the stones of the massy roof. But at night it was lit by a swinging lamp of bronze. I passed in without noise, for the door was not altogether shut, and pushing my way through the heavy curtains that were beyond, I stood with a beating heart within the chamber.

The lamp was lit, for the darkness had fallen, and by its light I saw the old man seated in a chair of ivory and ebony at a table of stone whereon were spread the mystic writings of the words of Life and Death. But he read no more, for behold! he slept, and his long white beard rested upon the table like the beard of a dead man. The soft light from the lamp fell on him and on the papyrus and on the gold ring upon his hand, where were graven the symbols of the Invisible One, but all around was shadow. It fell on the shaven head, on the white robe, on the cedar staff of priesthood at his side, and on the ivory of the lion-footed chair; it showed the mighty brow of power, the features cut in kindly mould, the white eyebrows, and the dark hollows of the deep-set eyes. I looked and trembled, for there was about him that which was more than the dignity of man. So long had he lived with the Gods, and so long kept company with them and with thoughts divine, so deeply was he versed in all those mysteries which we do but faintly discern, here in this upper air, that even now, before his time, he partook of the nature of the Osiris, and was a thing to shake humanity with fear.

I stood and gazed, and as I stood he opened his dark eyes, but looked not on me, nor turned his head; and yet he saw me and spoke.

“Why hast thou been disobedient to me, O my son?” he said. “How came it that thou wentest forth against the lion when I bade thee not?”

“How knowest thou, my father, that I went forth?” I asked in fear.

“How know I? Are there, then, no other ways of knowledge than by the senses? Ah, ignorant child! was not my spirit with thee when the lion sprang upon thy companion? Did I not pray those set about thee to protect thee, to make sure thy thrust when thou didst drive the spear into the lion's throat! How came it that thou wentest forth, O my son?”

“The boaster taunted me,” I answered, “and I went.”

“Yes, I know it; and, because of the hot blood of youth, I forgive thee, Harmachis. But now listen unto me, and let my words sink into thy heart like the waters of Sihor into the thirsty sand at the rising of Sirius.† Listen unto me. The boaster was sent unto thee as a temptation, as a trial of thy strength was he sent, and see! it has not been equal to the burden. Therefore is thy hour put back. Hadst thou been strong in this matter, the path had been made plain to thee

\* The soul when it has been absorbed in the Godhead.

† The dog-star, whose appearance marked the commencement of the inundation.





DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*He fell down dead, and the lion stood and roared across him.*

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.



even now. But thou hast failed, and therefore is thy hour put back."

"I understand thee not, my father," I answered.

"What was it, then, my son, that the old wife, Atoua, said to thee down by the bank of the canal?"

And thereon I told him all that the old wife had said.

"And thou believest, Harmachis, my son?"

"Nay," I answered; "how should I believe such tales? Surely she is mad. All the people know her for mad."

Then for the first time he looked towards me, who was standing in the shadow.

"My son! my son!" he cried; "thou art wrong. She is not mad. The woman spake the truth; she spake not of herself, but of the voice within her that cannot lie. For this Atoua is a prophetess and holy. Now learn thou the destiny that the Gods of Egypt have given to thee to fulfil, and woe be unto thee if by any weakness thou dost fail therein! Listen! thou art no stranger adopted into my house and

the house of the Temple; thou art my very son, saved unto me by this same woman. But, oh! Harmachis, thou art more than this; for in thee and me alone doth flow the imperial blood of Egypt. Thou and I alone of men alive are descended, without break or flaw, from that Pharaoh Nekt-nebf whom Ochus the Persian drove from Egypt. The Persian came and the Persian went, and then after the Persian came the Macedonian, and now for nigh upon three hundred years have the Lagidæ usurped the



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*And as I knelt, a cloud grew upon the face of the moon and covered it up.*

double crown, defiling the land of Khem and corrupting the worship of its Gods. And mark thou this: but now, but two weeks since, is Ptolemy Neus Dionysus, Ptolemy the Piper, who would have slain thee, dead; and but now hath the Eunuch Pothinus, that very eunuch who came hither, years ago, to cut thee off, set at naught the will of his master, the dead Aulêtes, and placed the boy Ptolemy upon the throne. And therefore hath his sister Cleopatra, that fierce and beautiful girl, fled into Syria; and there, if I err not, will she gather her armies and make war upon her brother Ptolemy: for by her father's will was she left joint-sovereign with him. And, meanwhile, mark thou this, my son—the Roman eagle

hangs on high, waiting with ready talons till such time as he may fall upon the fat wether Egypt and rend him. And mark again, the people of Egypt are weary of the foreign yoke, they hate the memory of the Persians, and sick at heart are they of being called 'Men of Macedonia' in the markets of Alexandria. The whole land mutters and murmurs beneath the yoke of the Greek and the shadow of the Roman. Have not they been oppressed? Have not their children been butchered and their gains wrung from them to fill the bottomless greed and lust of the Lagidæ? Have not the temples been forsaken?—ay, have not the Divine majesties of the eternal Gods been set at naught by these Grecian babblers who have dared to

meddle with the immortal truths, and name the most High by another name (Serapis), confounding the substance of the Invisible? Doth not Egypt cry aloud for freedom?—and shall she cry in vain? Nay, nay, for thou, my son, art the appointed way of deliverance. To thee, being sunk in eld, have I decreed my rights. Already is thy name whispered in many a sanctuary, from Abu even unto Athu; already do priests and people swear allegiance, even by the sacred symbols, unto him who shall be declared unto them. Still, the time is not yet; thou art too green a sapling to bear the weight of such a storm. But to-day wast thou tried and found wanting. He who would serve the Gods, O Harmachis,





MAIDEN FANCIES.

PICTURE BY EUGEN VON BLAAS.



must put aside the failings of the flesh. Taunts must not move him, nor any lusts of man. Thine is a high mission, but this must thou learn. An thou learn it not, thou shalt fail therein; and then, my curse be on thee! and the curse of Egypt, and the curse of Egypt's broken Gods! For, know thou this, that even the Gods, who are immortal, may, in the interwoven scheme of things, lean upon the man who is their instrument, even as a warrior on his sword. And woe be to the sword that snaps in the hour of battle, for it shall be thrown aside to rust! Therefore, make thou thy heart pure and high and strong; for thine is no common lot, and thine no mortal need. Triumph, and in glory shalt thou go—in glory here and hereafter! Fail, and woe—woe be on thee!"

He paused and bowed his head, and then went on—  
"Of these matters shalt thou hear more hereafter. Meanwhile, thou hast much to learn. To-morrow will I give thee letters, and thou shalt pass down the Nile, even past white-lettered Memphis to On (Heliopolis), and there shalt thou sojourn certain years and learn more of our ancient wisdom beneath the shadow of that secret pyramid of which thou, too, art the Hereditary High Priest that is to be. And meanwhile will I sit here and watch, for my hour is not yet, and, by the help of the Gods, spin the web wherein thou shalt hold the wasp of Macedonia."

"Come hither, my son; come hither and kiss me on the brow, for thou art all my hope, and all the hope of Egypt. Be but true, rise to the giddy height of thy destiny, and thou shalt be glorious here and hereafter; be false, fail, and I will spit upon thee, and thou shalt be accursed, and thy soul shall remain in bondage till that hour when, in the slow flight of time, the evil shall once more grow to good and Egypt shall again be free."

I drew near, trembling, and kissed him on the brow. "May all these things come upon me, and more," I said, "if I fail thee, O my father!"

"Nay!" he cried, "not me, not me; but rather those whose will I do. And now go, my son, and ponder in thy heart, and in thy secret heart digest my words; and mark what thou shalt see, and gather up the dew of wisdom, and make thee ready for the battle. Fear not for thyself, thou art protected from all ill. No harm may touch thee from without; thyself alone can be thine own enemy. I have said."

Then I went forth with a full heart. The night was very still, and there was none stirring in the Temple courts. I hurried through them, and reached the entrance to the pylon that is at the outer gate. And then, seeking solitude, and, as it were, to draw nigh to heaven, I climbed the pylon's two hundred steps, until at length I reached the massive roof. Here I leaned my breast against the parapet, and looked forth. And as I looked the red edge of the full moon floated up over the Arabian hills, and her rays fell upon the pylon where I stood and the Temple walls beyond, and lit up the visages of the carved Gods. Then the cold light struck the wide stretch of well-tilled land, now whitening to the harvest, and as the heavenly lamp of Isis (the Moon) passed up the sky, slowly did her rays creep down to the valley, where Sihor, father of the land of Khem, rolls on toward the sea.

And now the bright beams kissed the water that smiled an answer back, and now mountain and valley, river, temple, town, and plain were flooded with white light, for Mother Isis was arisen, and threw her gleaming robe across the dark bosom of the earth. Beautiful it was, with the beauty of a perfect dream, and solemn as the hour after death. Mightily, indeed, the temples towered up against the face of night. Never had they seemed so grand to me as upon that night—those ancient shrines, before whose eternal walls Time himself shall wither. And mine it was to be to rule this moonlit land; mine to preserve those sacred shrines, and cherish the honour of their Gods; mine to cast out the Ptolemy and free Egypt from the foreign yoke! In my veins ran the blood of those great Kings who, sleeping in the tombs of the valley of Tapi (Thebes), await the day of Resurrection. My spirit swelled within me as I dreamed upon this glorious destiny. I closed my hands, and there, upon the pylon, I prayed as I had never prayed before to the Godhead, who is called by many names, and in many forms made manifest.

"O Amen," I prayed, "God of Gods, who hast been from the beginning; Lord of Truth, who art, and of whom all are, who givest out thy Godhead and gatherest it up again, in the circle of whom the Divine ones move and are, who wast from all time the Self-begot, and who shalt be till all time—hearken unto me."

"O Amen—Osiris, the sacrifice by whom we are justified, Lord of the Region of the Winds, the Ruler of the Ages, the dweller in the West, the Supreme in Amenti, hearken unto me."

"O Isis, great Mother Goddess, mother of the Horus—mysterious Mother, Sister, Spouse, hearken unto me. If, indeed, I be the chosen of the Gods to carry out the purpose of the Gods, let a sign be given unto me, even now, to seal my life to the life above. Stretch out your arms towards me, O ye Gods, and uncover the glory of your countenance. Hear! ah, hear me!" And I cast myself upon my knees and lifted up my eyes to heaven.

And as I knelt, a cloud grew upon the face of the moon and covered it up, so that the night became dark, and the silence deepened all around—even the dogs far below in the city ceased to howl, and the silence grew and grew till it was heavy as death. I felt my spirit lifted up within me, and my hair rose upon my head. Then of a sudden the mighty pylon seemed to rock beneath me, a great wind beat about my brows and a voice spoke within my heart:—

"Behold a sign! Possess thyself in patience, O Har-machis!"

And even as the voice spoke, a cold hand touched my hand, and left somewhat within it. Then the cloud rolled from the face of the moon, and the wind passed, and the pylon ceased to tremble, and the night was as the night had been.

And as the light came back, I gazed upon that which had been left within my hand. It was a bud of the holy lotus new breaking into bloom, and therefrom came a most sweet scent.

And as I gazed thieron, behold! the lotus passed from out my grasp and vanished, leaving me astonished.

(To be continued.)

Arrangements are being made for the laying of a submarine cable from Bermuda to Halifax—750 miles.

The Board of Trade, by virtue of the powers vested in it by the Electric Lighting Act of 1882, has decided to refuse the whole of the applications that have been made to it to grant licences for the supply of the electric light to any part of the metropolis. The effect of this decision is that all applications for supplying the electric light will have to be sought by means of Provisional Orders, which, if granted by the Board of Trade, will have to receive the sanction of Parliament before they can become operative. All Provisional Orders that may be granted will, therefore, be embodied in a Confirmation Bill and referred to a Select Committee, before whom opponents will be heard.

For a somewhat similar definition of the Godhead see the funeral papyrus of Nakhonsou, a Princess of the Twenty-first Dynasty.

## AMERICAN NOTES.

English visitors often notice that life in America is apt to be overstrained and too intense. The rarefied atmosphere, with the superabundance of oxygen prevalent over so wide an area, partly accounts for this. But it is partly the manifestation of national characteristics and habits. Business is conducted at high pressure and during prolonged hours. Everyone seems to be on the alert, as if fearful of being passed in the race. Meals are usually bolted in a few minutes, as if the world were about to end. Eating, considered as one of the fine arts, is unknown to the generality. When men of business unbend, it is to gird themselves for some social or political demonstration, into which oratory, or, rather, speech-making, largely enters. The passion for talk is boundless and insatiable. Men are prone to be estimated by their capacity to rise at a moment's notice and discourse on any topic that chances to be uppermost. Our American cousins cannot be regarded as a taciturn race. They possess a boundless capacity for talk. Most of them appear to deem it an infliction to remain silent. They have no need of conversational apertients. At the same time, it is pleasant to be able to testify that, as a rule, they converse fluently and well. If some of them are embodied notes of interrogation, it must in justice be admitted that they are as ready to impart information as they are to seek it. If, however, the confession may be hazarded, one does somewhat weary of being asked by travelling and hotel companions what is one's opinion of the country and its institutions. The usual formula addressed to a stranger is as follows:—"How long have you been over? Is this your first visit? What do you think of the country?" An English clergyman who recently visited the States gave dire offence because he excused himself from attending one of the interminable conferences or congresses, saying that he did not feel called upon to add to the pious twaddle with which the country seemed to be afflicted. There are, of course, many noble exceptions to this craving after verbal excitement. Yet it is undeniable that the love of mere talk, and especially of glittering rhetoric, amounts to a passion with many, just as there is a consuming desire for newspapers. The marvel is how hundreds of these exist. Every small town boasts of a journal, and often it has a daily issue. The intelligence may be meagre in the extreme, and the literary character of the paper may be beneath contempt. Still, readers are found to buy it, and, what is more important, advertisers pay high prices for announcing their wares. Publicity of this kind is far more appreciated in America than in England. Besides these local journals, those of the great cities circulate largely through the post and are disseminated by special trains.

Every public man in America—it might almost be said that every man, woman, and child—lives in a glass house, and through its transparent walls other people are constantly peering. The newspaper press is ubiquitous, and has the eyes of Argus. A veil of secrecy is not allowed to exist. A man's personality, opinions, habits, and his domestic and business affairs are supposed to be the common property of his neighbours, who freely criticise as if this were an unquestionable right. American interlocutors are struck with speechless astonishment when their victims sometimes retort with an inquiry what business it is of theirs? They are so accustomed to indulge their curiosity, and to pronounce unsought criticisms, that it has come to be a sort of second nature, and is regarded as an inalienable right. Their newspapers, with a few honourable exceptions, pander to this abominable interference with private concerns. In small towns the sayings and doings of people are chronicled with a minuteness and an individuality that cause a shudder in one accustomed to the amenities of journalism. In the larger cities, every prominent man is forced, as if a revolver were presented, to stand and deliver at a moment's notice his views upon people and things in general. These are published in the next issue of the paper. That unmitigated nuisance, the interviewer, thrusts himself on distinguished strangers as soon as they arrive, or before they have set foot on shore, or he lies in wait at their hotel, to obtain their opinions on all mundane topics. If he cannot procure what he wants, he invents it. Even if his victims elude him, they are not suffered to escape, for he writes an imaginary conversation, and attributes to them sentiments that are likely to astonish and even to exasperate them. His pertinacity, his ingenuity, and his impudence are extraordinary. It is his duty to provide a racy, personal, highly-flavoured article. He and his employers have created a vicious taste, and in order to pander to it they are compelled to add spice. Distinguished men complain of the infliction. Some absolutely refuse to submit to it. But the generality have not the courage to defy what is supposed to be public opinion; and so the evil grows by what it feeds on. The plain and indubitable fact is that even in the "Land of Freedom" there is no escape from Mrs. Grundy. That despotic lady has crossed the Atlantic, and she rules with a rod of iron. There is an unwritten but rigorous code to which all who deem themselves to be anybody deem it compulsory to conform. In matters of dress, parties, balls, weddings, funerals, and other social observances, as well as in nearly every transaction of life, a feverish anxiety is shown to obey these secret edicts. To particularise is needless, and would only excite remarks about "insular prejudice." No observant stranger can avoid noticing the fact; and it becomes the more remarkable because most Americans unconsciously place themselves on the defensive. Considering how individualism claims to do precisely what it likes in the New World, it is significant that the most democratic of people are hide-bound by social custom.

The laws respecting marriage and divorce greatly vary in different States, but in most of them considerable laxity exists. The facilities for matrimony, at almost any hour of the day or night, are nearly equalled by the facilities for dissolving the marriage tie. A couple can, in most places, go before a mayor, a justice of the peace, or a clergyman, not always being required to make preliminary legal arrangements, and can be united in a few minutes. The only thing subsequently required is for the officiating person to send a notice to the city or county clerk for filing. In the case of strangers, it is customary to ask whether either of them is married, and if so, whether the husband or wife is living; and clergymen have the power, which is often exercised, of refusing to marry divorced persons. The Roman Catholic clergy, of course, do this invariably. But the cases of divorce are rapidly increasing. In some States, nothing is easier than to put an end to the connection, and for most trivial reasons. It is even possible in a few States for the husband or wife to take up temporary residence, so as to give a colourable pretext for divorce proceedings, which are then carried through with celerity and at slight cost. This is an extreme case; but, throughout the Union, divorce can be obtained with an ease and for causes that are simply scandalous. Good, wise, and patriotic persons deplore this, and urge, as the only effectual remedy, that the marriage laws should cease to be controlled by the separate States, and should become one of the Federal matters regulated by Congress, so as secure uniformity of method and prevent outrages upon decency and morality. No sentimental pleas as to the sovereignty of the individual States, and their supposed inherent and inalienable rights,

ought to be allowed to stand in the way of a reform that public justice and domestic decorum alike demand.

Much has been said and written on the subject of Mormonism. Its spread into other Territories in the West, and the scandals connected with it, still occupy much attention. The propaganda is carried on throughout the country and in Europe by means of active and zealous emissaries. They craftily represent the material advantages to be derived from emigrating to Utah, to Idaho, to Nevada, and other Mormon settlements. They enlarge upon the less objectionable features of the system, and take care not to arouse alarm or to shock prejudices by dwelling upon its weak points and its positive evils. The main object is to persuade industrious artisans and farmers, possessed of some money, to cast in their lot with the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. When this is done, a one-sided Communism is at once established, from the grinding tyranny of which there is no escape. If the neophytes speak of the abuses and injustice that notoriously prevail, they are assured, with all positiveness and solemnity, that these are mere inventions of enemies. By such specious representations thousands of persons have been induced to cross the Atlantic, and to journey two thousand miles beyond, only to discover that they had surrendered themselves, body and soul, to a crushing and degrading despotism, wielded by a few unscrupulous men. A small esoteric circle constitute an absolute ecclesiastical hierarchy. Its power rests on universal espionage, and from its decrees there is no appeal. A more depressed, spiritless, hopeless assembly than the one that gathers every Sunday afternoon in the huge Tabernacle in Salt Lake City it is impossible to imagine. This comes of implicit obedience to what is called "the voice of the Church," the leaders of which require the absolute surrender of individuality and conscience in all things, temporal and spiritual. The old policy of vengeance and extirpation is no longer possible, because a considerable body of United States troops maintain outward order, and protect the rights of individuals. But there are endless ways of making the power of the Church to be felt, and of tightening the invisible but potent cords that bind its votaries. State rights have not been conceded to Utah, although the population is far beyond the limit required. The territory continues to be ruled by a governor and authorities appointed by the President and Congress at Washington. State rights will certainly not be granted while the spiritual despotism prevails, for no civilised community can recognise an *imperium in imperio*. Hitherto, the laws against polygamy have been but feebly and fitfully enforced. Money and political influence have been freely used to defeat their operation or to set them aside on technical quibbles. Now, however, a sharp and an effectual remedy is being employed. A law has been passed by Congress for confiscating the overgrown and misused wealth of the Mormon Corporation. This will, doubtless, produce similar effects to those which the English statesmen of four and five centuries ago accomplished by their Statutes of Provisors and of First-fruits, directed against the Romish hierarchy, which had then absorbed one-third of the wealth of the country.

W. H. S. AUBREY.

## APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The *North China Herald* announces that the Dowager Empress of China has at last chosen a consort for the Emperor. She is the niece of the Empress herself, and her Manchurian name is Ye-hoh-na-lu. The astrologers have fixed on Feb. 23 as a propitious day, and accordingly the marriage will, according to present arrangements, be celebrated on that date. This is not the first time that the Empress Dowager has had to perform the same duty for a reigning Emperor. In 1872, when she was co-Regent with the Empress Tsz An—the latter being the real Empress, the present Empress Dowager having been elevated to that rank on giving birth to a son, the last Emperor—a consort had to be selected for the Emperor Tung-chi, and her choice fell upon the daughter of an officer of the Hanlin College, who was the great granddaughter of the brother of the Emperor Hien-fung, who died in 1861. Tung-chi died in 1875, and his wife died soon afterwards. The present Emperor was then selected by the Empress Dowager to ascend the throne, although there were other members of the Imperial family who were better entitled to succeed in accordance with Chinese custom, the procedure in cases of adoption, and Chinese ideas on the subject. But the present Emperor was the son of Prince Chun, the present Prime Minister, by a sister of the Empress Dowager, so that, in fact, she gave the throne to her own nephew, as she has now betrothed him to her niece.

Mr. Leopold De Rothschild has again remitted 30 per cent of the rents due at Michaelmas last from the tenants on his Buckinghamshire estates—Mr. Assheton Smith, Veynol Park, North Wales, has announced his intention to return 10 per cent to all his agricultural tenantry on the half-year's rent now due. Mr. Assheton Smith had only recently presented his tenantry with a year's rent on the occasion of his marriage, the gift being valued at £10,000.

The attractions of the Taranaki or New Plymouth district on the west coast of New Zealand, for emigrants with small capital from England, are brought again to public notice by the return to London of Mr. William Courtney, the accredited emigration agent, who has reopened his office at 18, Bishopsgate-street Within. There is no district in any of the British colonies which enjoys a more delightful and salubrious climate, with a fertile soil, interesting scenery, and society congenial to the habits and tastes of quiet English families. The harbour works of New Plymouth have so greatly improved the port that it has now become a regular calling-place for steamers from Sydney and Auckland. There is a prospect of good future trade in butter preserved by the freezing process, as Taranaki is, of all districts in the southern colonies, the best adapted to successful dairy produce.

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## NEW BOOKS.

*Life and Opinions of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, K.C.B.* Edited by Lady MacGregor. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The late Sir Charles MacGregor was one of the best examples of that union of gallant soldiership with thorough study and the diligent acquisition of knowledge practically useful to the public service which the Indian Military Staff has eminently displayed. His achievements in the work of examining and describing the topography of the North-Western Frontier and of the neighbouring countries of Central Asia, with his plans and official labours designed for strengthening the defences of the Indian Empire, will continue to bear fruit when his share in the Afghan War of 1879 and 1880, and his behaviour in the field on earlier occasions, as well as his later administrative performances as Quartermaster-General, may become merged in the general history of the Army. It is worthy of remark that, in his case, the studious collector and compiler of many volumes of important researches and disquisitions was a fighting Highlandman distinguished from his youth for active prowess in warfare, having a passion for the "sword and spurs," for any bold and arduous martial adventure, perhaps inherited from his Scottish ancestry of the famous "Clan MacGregor." In the first volume of this interesting biography, the young Ensign of a Bengal Native Infantry Regiment, in the seventeenth year of his age, begins his experiences with the outbreak of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857, loses a brother killed at Lucknow, joins Hodson's Horse as a volunteer, becoming quite a light cavalry man, and goes through much hard fighting, near Delhi and in Oude, not without some wounds, indulging occasionally in single combat. In 1860, he is with Fane's Horse in the Chinese War, and in the advance on Peking has a brush with the Tartar cavalry; after which, returning to India, he devotes several years to the duties of a cavalry officer, and studies all details, making suggestions of improvement. In 1864, he serves as Brigade-Major in the Bhutan Campaign, and is again and again wounded; but his appointment as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, as the Bhutan affair proceeds, enables him to give proof of his special talent for learning and reporting on a frontier country and its native tribes. MacGregor had already commenced literary essays on topics of military interest in the *Indian Army Review*. The failure of the Agra Bank, of which his father had been a manager, threatened in 1867 to involve his family in distress, and he behaved as a good son and brother on that occasion. His own professional prospects were now favourable; he was on the brigade staff of Sir Robert Napier's Abyssinian Expedition, in 1868, after which, having won the notice of Sir John Lawrence, the Governor-General, and marrying a daughter of Sir Henry Durand, he obtained important Government work. The editorship of the "Gazetteer of Central Asia" was entrusted to him, in which laborious task, from 1868 to 1873, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor showed peculiar abilities, himself writing the volumes on Afghanistan and Persia, and travelling all along the Sind and Punjab frontiers to gather correct particulars for his treatise on that subject. In 1874, he was placed in charge of all the transport and road arrangements for the relief of the famine in North Behar and Tirhut, Upper Bengal, which duty was admirably performed. The later employments, civil and military, and the geographical and statistical investigations of this excellent servant of the State, have a wider interest. They are related in Lady MacGregor's second volume, which describes her husband's travels, of 1875 to 1877, in Khorassan, Persia, Armenia, and Beloochistan; the part he bore in the Afghan campaigns, in the capture and occupation of Cabul, and some months later, as Brigadier-General, in the march of Sir Frederick Roberts to relieve Kandahar, with the defeat of Ayoub Khan; also the expedition conducted by him to subdue the Mari tribes, in the mountain passes between Sind and Quetta; and his official labours as Quartermaster-General in India, from 1880 to 1885. These events belong to comparatively recent history; but Sir Charles MacGregor's performances in the Afghan war have been less known to general readers than to his comrades in the service, and were deserving of a separate record. The present Lady MacGregor, by whom these volumes are compiled, was his second wife, married in 1883—a daughter of Mr. F. W. Jardine. His last appointment was to the command of the Punjab Frontier Force, which ill-health compelled him to resign, and having come home as an invalid, he died in 1887, in his forty-seventh year—a great loss to the service of our Indian Empire.

*Life of Richard, Lord Westbury, formerly Lord High Chancellor.* By T. A. Nash, barrister-at-law. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The intellectual combats of leading counsel, in their controversial application of the rational principles and conventional rules, both of Law and Equity, to the variety of cases before the higher Courts, afford a spectacle of great interest to contemplative minds with a taste for logical refinements, and free from any sordid interest of a pecuniary kind in the result. Nowhere is this conflict of shrewd wits and systematic learning to be observed more conspicuously than among the eminent practitioners under the Chancery jurisdiction, of whom Sir Richard Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury, was perhaps not the most learned, but certainly one of the keenest and most expert, known within living remembrance. A clearer head, a quicker perception of argumentative points, a neater method and sharper phrase of hostile exposition, with a more triumphant manner of quelling his opponents, never won professional success at the Bar; he played the game fairly, trumped an adversary with evident delight, and did not affect, as a wily man of self-seeking ambition might have done, to dissemble his contempt for blunders on the other side. He was, therefore, accused of superciliousness, being no politic dissembler; but what was felt to be most provoking, after all, was the exquisite calmness and suavity of his speech and demeanour, the finished terseness of his unanswerable sentences, the politeness of a rapier-thrust with which this matchless fencer put the "coup-de-grâce" to his staggering foe in word-warfare. But the late Lord Westbury, by no worse faults than a certain imprudent indifference to the opinion of his associates, and some occasional negligence of minor official responsibilities, incurred first a tacit conspiracy of personal dislike, and finally a troublesome scandal with reference to the conduct of one or two persons under his control, which obliged him to resign his grand office in July, 1865, after holding it four years; yet no Lord Chancellor has left a reputation more entirely pure of any taint of mercenary corruption. He did not always behave wisely and circumspectly; he was as little of a courtier as of a politician, he was a rather careless superintendent and administrator of patronage, and that is all; but it is enough to have caused regret that he had not foregone an elevation which was justly earned, and which was uncongenial to his simple domestic tastes. This interesting biographical work, in which Mr. Nash has been assisted by the use of notes and documents received from members of Lord Westbury's family and from many of his intimate friends, presents to our view the man, Richard Bethell, in his private relations at home, and in the society of those who really knew

him, as an estimable, indeed amiable, character, thoroughly upright and sincere, doing many acts of kindness, a good son in early life, and a good husband and father; and in his leisure days a good country squire, enjoying rural retirement and simple sports with his visitors and neighbours, or teaching and amusing his children. It is curiously incompatible with a prevalent notion of Lord Westbury's supposed extreme craftiness and worldliness, that Professor Jowett, who was very well acquainted with him, says he was "childishly ignorant of human nature." He seems, in fact, to have been singularly unobservant of the tempers and passions of mankind, and disregarded their signs with the most artless independence, never trying to "manage" anybody, unhappily also not sparing anybody's egotistic feelings. Although himself of a very sensitive nature, he had acquired, before he left Oxford, a self-protecting armour of sedate and serious manner and refined address, with which he walked and talked invulnerable in society, and he thought other people should guard themselves in the same way. His prolonged ordeal of University life as a College Fellow and Tutor, after a studentship begun at Wadham at the very early age of fourteen, with no public school education, may partly account for the habit of grave preciseness, not amounting to pedantry, which he carried to the Bar, and to debates in both houses of Parliament, contrasting almost disagreeably with the rather free and easy, or even comparatively rough, style of ordinary English public men. These external peculiarities, and their social effects, are visibly traceable all through his career; but they will be found pardonable in a man of so much substantial merit, whose industry was honourably exercised with strict fidelity to the duties of his profession, and who cherished large and liberal designs, which other great lawyers have since partly accomplished, for the reorganisation of the Courts, the reform of judicial procedure, and the future work of bringing all the diverse branches of legal provision and equitable tradition into an intelligible, rational, harmonious, scientific system, which Lord Westbury earnestly desired.

*Further Reminiscences.* By W. P. Frith, R.A. (Bentley and Son).—This supplement to the two volumes of personal recollections, with which Mr. Frith entertained a multitude of readers not very long ago, contains little direct autobiography, but plenty of amusing anecdotes of other people whom he has known, and many of their private letters to



MEMORIAL TO THE 92ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

himself. For the materials of a rather bulky volume, in which they stand, for the most part, without apparent order of time or connection of subject, there is a flimsiness of nature and scrappiness of form in the present addition to Mr. Frith's reminiscences and samples of familiar correspondence, that may expose him to the charge of needless bookmaking. He will, however, be readily forgiven by those who are content to spend only an hour or two of vacant leisure in turning over some of his pages at random, finding here and there a droll story, an instance of oddity, vanity, or stupidity, or a fairly good conversational joke, which one may laugh at without offence to anybody now living, while not a few distinguished artists and authors of our day are mentioned with the highest praise. Mr. Frith seems to have made and kept as many friends as will usually surround a man who has social tact and discretion, as well as candour and temper, when by real talent and industry he has fairly won success in a profession that gives much pleasure to the world, and that is both popular and fashionable, as in the case of the actor, the novelist, the musician, or the artist. Such a man, with tolerable health and secure position, ought to be good-humoured, and the attitude of frankly bearing public witness to any defects of which he is conscious, if they do not impair the acknowledged special merit of his works, is amiable and engaging. "You tell me I can do this well," he seems to say, "and I am obliged to believe you, since I am well paid for doing it; but I never could do that other thing, or attain the different accomplishment, in which my friend A, or my friends B and C, have so admirably excelled." This is the agreeable tone of Mr. Frith's expressed reflections, utterly devoid of envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness; and we wish that it were as commonly the disposition of literary men, of ethical and political teachers, of professors of science and philosophy, as we think it is among successful artists. "Non omnia possumus omnes" is a maxim which the man of genius who perseveres in his proper calling has more need than anybody else to bear constantly in mind. Good sense, modesty, and equity forbid an individual to attempt to outdo his fellows in a variety of different ways; the Admirable Crichton may figure as an historical myth, but his contemporaries would hate him for displaying too many faculties in his own person. Mr. Frith confesses himself an unskilful horseman, no orator, no scholar, incapable of treating ideal, sacred, or classical and highly poetical themes of Art; we are all the more satisfied that he is a clever painter, a shrewd observer of external manners, a most diligent student of the life-subjects he chooses, a good man of business, and a pleasant companion. His opinions concerning the state of the painter's art in England, the defective methods of art-education, compared with the French, the difficulty of satisfying professional aspirants in the Royal

Academy Exhibitions, the trickery of picture-dealers, and the ignorant conceit of some amateur collectors, who are too often their dupes, will be received with due attention. In his references, which fill a large part of this volume, to persons of his acquaintance notable for other pursuits, such as literature and the drama, he is by no means critical; but what he has to say of Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Macready, Henry Irving, Shirley Brooks, Sala, Miss Braddon, and others, shows an appreciation of recognised talents. Mr. Sala's letter to him proposing subjects for two pictures, scenes at Calais, the first in 1766 presenting various characters and incidents of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," the second in 1866 with the landing of passengers from England who have just crossed the Channel, conveyed a suggestion which Mr. Frith might well have adopted; while that proposed by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the passengers to or from India on the deck of a P. and O. steamer, would seem very suitable to be treated by Mr. Frith. The letters both of Mr. Sala and Mr. Shirley Brooks may be read with amusement, as well as the table-talk of Mr. Mark Lemon; but it is a doubtful condition of public taste in which these innocent frolics and artless jests of private friends, clever as they are, become acceptable printed matter. Some of the stories repeated by Mr. Frith have long been current, yet may seem new to the younger generation. His recollections of the older artists, Wilkie, Etty, Mulready, MacIise, Landseer, and Creswick, do not add much to our knowledge of them; nor even do those of the eminent designers for *Punch*, Tenniel, John Leech, and Dumaaurier, contribute greatly to a truer appreciation of their merits. It is not perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Frith is an uncritical eulogist of all distinguished men belonging to his personal acquaintance; this is an amiable disposition. The reputation of many of his contemporaries, too, is beyond the reach of disparagement; but the time has arrived for settling it upon grounds more permanent and important than the favour of fashion in their day, and by the aid of wider principles than Mr. Frith has attempted to set forth in his three volumes of entertaining gossip.

## THE 92ND (GORDON) HIGHLANDERS.

The Memorial Tablet recently put up in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, in honour of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers of this gallant and famous regiment who lost their lives in the last wars in Afghanistan and in South Africa has been erected at the cost of their regimental comrades, past and present. There are a number of old colours of different Scottish regiments in St. Giles' Cathedral, which were formally handed over, after the restoration of the church, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge to the Edinburgh authorities, in November, 1883. We give an illustration of the tablet. The bas-relief is of bronze, from a design by Mr. Frederic Shields; it was modelled by Mr. T. Nelson MacLean, and cast, in the "cire perdue" mode, by M. Bühner. It represents a dying soldier of the regiment beneath the walls of Cabul. At one side is an armed female figure of Military Fidelity, bearing a victorious palm, who crowns with a laurel wreath the dying hero; while on the other side Heavenly Hope descends to him, unveiling her face to his closing eyes, and holding before them the torch of endless life. The border surrounding this design shows the Gordon badge and the national emblem, the ivy and thistle. The engraved tablet with the list of names is of hammered brass; and the whole is set in a slab of Emperor's marble, of a delicate red hue.

## THE CHINESE SILVER MINES AT JEHO.

The United States Consul at Tientsin in a report recently published describes the only silver mines known to be worked in all China. These are situated at Jeho, about 150 miles north of the Great Wall, in Eastern Mongolia. The two mines are about ten miles apart, nearly fifty miles north of the prefectural city of Jeho; they are called respectively the Chimney Mountain and the Orphan Mountain, and have been worked for thirty years after Chinese methods. The ore is argentiferous lead or galena, and is found in thin streaks, scattered through veins which occur between porphyry and limestone. Both mines are in high hills which have been burrowed with native workings and stripped of all ore found above water-level near the base of the hills. For ten years past they have produced little, as the native miners had to stop when they reached water, as they had no means of removing it. In spite of their primitive way of working and their rude tools, these miners have accomplished very remarkable results. Long, tortuous galleries, large enough to admit a man on hands and knees, have been cut through the hardest rock in every direction, the ore and waste rock being laboriously carried to the surface in bags. They have also, by long experience, discovered for themselves the rudiments of the science of smelting and refining silver ores, and are able to produce pure silver with the simplest appliances. Of late years a royalty of 33 per cent of the gross yield has been paid to the Government, and the mines have passed from hand to hand with steady loss to the investors. Li Hung Chang took the matter up, and decided to employ a foreign expert to examine the mines. A report has been made by an American engineer that the prospects justified a further outlay for pumping and hoisting machinery and for labour to open up the mines for a more extended survey. This has been done; new shafts have been opened, the water has been pumped out of the old ones; the native miners have been taught the use of foreign explosives and tools, and the results are favourable. In consequence, the work, under foreign guidance and with improved methods, promises to be permanent and successful.

## A GREAT PHILANTHROPIC INSTITUTION.

The Williamson Industrial School of Philadelphia will, when complete, be by far the largest institution of the kind in the United States. It is stated that the founder intends ultimately to settle the whole of his fortune, estimated at no less than 12,000,000 dols., upon it. The scheme of the school is not a wide one. It will be devoted to the education of boys in the old-fashioned trades, and will be open to boys with or without parents, and with no distinction on account of race. The institution is an attempt to revive the old-fashioned methods of long apprenticeship and thorough training in mechanical trades. The oldtime craftsman in America has become rare, though in New York industrial schools have been encouraged, and in other cities efforts have been made to supply at similar schools the training which an apprentice formerly obtained from the personal supervision of a master. Although the demand for good all-round mechanics in the United States is greater than ever, they are becoming scarcer every year.

The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen have received an anonymous donation of £875 to defray one-fourth of the cost of constructing the cruising hospital ship *Alice Fisher*.

On Jan. 3 the first arrivals of salmon from Ireland for 1889 reached London. The season there opens in some of the less important districts at the commencement of January. Only a few fish arrived. They were all of small size, but were in excellent condition, and they fetched a high price.





THE BATTLE AT SUAKIN: BLACK SOUDANESE BATTALION TAKING THE ENEMY IN REVERSE AND CAPTURING ONE OF THEIR GUNS BEHIND THE TRENCHES

FROM A SKETCH BY MIDDLEMASS BEY, INSPECTOR-IN-CHIEF OF COASTGUARD, ALEXANDRIA.



## FOGLAND.

A strange, mysterious region; a region belonging, apparently, neither to earth nor air; a region of shadows and phantom forms; a region of shapeless dreams and visions, where nothing is that seems, and the real has given place to the unreal, and all is vague, obscure, contradictory—is the region known as Fogland. No one can define its boundaries; they elude the closest search, like those of Nephelococcygia, contracting or expanding at uncertain intervals, without any obvious cause or reason. No one can describe its scenery. You remember the famous chapter on the Snakes of Iceland? "There are none!" So is there no scenery in Fogland; for within its impalpable and intangible borders every natural and even artificial feature is obliterated; in a sense which Tennyson never dreamed of, "it is a land where all things always are the same." No changes or contrasts of colour; no lights or shades; no "rose of dawn" and no glory of sunset; a monotonous uniformity prevails throughout; a dreary sameness, which clips and clasps the unfortunate wayfarer in a stifling embrace. No divisions or distinctions of soil or climate, no cardinal points—the north is as the south, and the east is as the west, and each is like unto the other. All that one has read of the misty realm in which the gods of the Norse mythology linger through their sad immortality; or of that world beyond the Styx into which Æneas wandered—"an illimitable shade, a vast kingdom of the dead," haunted by "multitudinous phantoms" deposited on its melancholy strand by the bark of Charon; or of that limbo in Dante's "Inferno"—"Dark and deep, And thick with clouds o'erspread, where eye in vain Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern," sinks into nothingness when compared with Fogland! For there, indeed, is neither length nor breadth, nor depth nor height; neither longitude nor latitude; Mercator's projection will avail you nothing; nor the latest maps laid down by the Ordnance Survey. You plunge into it wildly, like a bad swimmer buffeted with overwhelming waves; you stagger hither and thither, with step as devious as that of a statesman who puts power and place above principle; you feel your way with much searching of heart and groping of hands and slipping of feet—helplessly, aimlessly, in a bewildering gloom which is neither light nor darkness; no belated traveller led astray by Puck's will-o'-the-wisp "thro' bush, thro' briar, thro' flood, thro' fire" is more distraught than you are; you feel all the weariness of one who strives after the unattainable; all the melancholy of one who is doomed to make ropes of sand, and fill sieves with water—you are in Fogland!

No doubt there is much about Fogland which the best humanity finds intolerable. I have known some who by gravity of speech and conduct were fitted to figure as elders in a Scotch kirk, or as ruling councillors in a Primrose Habitation, suddenly lapse from their state of grace and break out into "strange oaths" when perplexed with the contrarities of Fogland. Fathers of families, much lauded for urbanity of temper, have waxed quarrelsome; poets, famous for their vivacity of imagination, have turned Boetian when astray in the dank and frigid recesses of Fogland. Good Samaritans, under the same conditions, have denied themselves to the poor strangers by the wayside—whom, indeed, they could not see. The worst passions of human nature are aroused; and a great army of satirists, comic writers, hygienic reformers, æsthetic professors, and the like, growl and gird at Fogland. And yet it is not all bad! For, first, nowhere else is the fine Socialistic dream of equality so happily realised. Fogland knows no distinction of rank, or age, or sex, or physical qualities, or worldly means. The latest American beauty and the plainest "Miss" in the shrieking sisterhood meet upon equal terms. Dives is of no more account than Lazarus. Pharisee and publican jog each other's elbow and yet utter no words of sharp contention. Your coat may be a thing of shreds and patches, and yet in Fogland it shall pass as if it had just been "built" by Redfern. It is the only spot in the wide world, I suppose, where Home Ruler and Unionist cannot come into conflict. The atmosphere of Fogland is your true peacemaker, and, at the same time, your real democratic leveller.

And again: in Fogland you escape the regular social inflections. Where is your bore or your dun? Absolutely nowhere! You can "cut" an acquaintance without being guilty of an impertinence. You can dodge a creditor and yet give him no handle to reproach you. The mother-in-law you want to avoid—the parson whose Sunday sermons you have shamelessly neglected—neither he nor she can hunt you down in Fogland. Yet once more: we are so hide-bound with the Conventional that it is refreshing to come now and again upon something *out-of-the-way*, and, as it were, abnormal—which is the special character of Fogland, where nothing is as you see and find it in your everyday life. Stumbling along in a kind of semi-blindness you meet with the strangest surprises. Voices suddenly fall on your ear—draw closer and closer—and then as suddenly recede into some undiscoverable bourne—"spirit-voices" for all you can tell; since whence they come and whither they go you are unable to determine. Ever and anon a form, a figure, steals mistily by you. Substance or phantom, who shall say? And at times there are indications of vehicles, and of animals like unto horses, but so vague and so shadowy that you are lost in confusion, and there is no time to examine the phenomena with the precision of a Huxley, for, as they come out of nothing, so they vanish into nothing, before you can realise that they have been. Occasionally curious breaks of lurid glow from lamps unseen arrest your attention; and as they emit their radiance above your head serve to reveal the mass of dense and strange-coloured vapour which has the wonderful property of closing in upon you everywhere, like the sides and roof and flooring of that iron shroud or prison in Mudford's eerie story—closing in upon you and carrying you away with it, and absorbing your very individuality into its own. And so it goes on, this romantic drama, in which you are, so to speak, a passive actor, whirled through unaccustomed scenes and exposed to novel sensations in Fogland.

But, perhaps, the most welcome phenomenon of this phenomenal region is the suddenness, the rapidity, with which it disappears. Its formation is usually a matter of time; you see it gathering, and growing, and darkening, until it invades and captures the doomed city, and takes you up into its density, and you can see no more. But, lo! after men and women have for days and nights pined as prisoners within its borders, and have felt its vapours clinging to them, malodorous and pestilential, like a Nessus's shirt, you become all at once aware of a diminution of the pressure, of a dispersal of the gloom, of an increase of light and air and freshness! You feel the touch of the welcome wind upon your cheek. You are conscious of a lifting of the clouds. Almost as swift as thought, the beauty of the firmament displays itself. The pall that has weighed upon you drops off. Things recover their proper dimensions and proportions. The cardinal points are restored; longitude and latitude are once more intelligible terms. You can recognise your fellow-creatures, and though you may be the greatest misanthropist upon earth, I think, for the nonce, you rejoice to see them. So the surprises are at

an end; the drama is suddenly played out; and almost in a moment you are replaced in your customary equanimity.

Such is the singular phantasmagoria which those "in city pent" have, every winter, an opportunity of contemplating with an "even mind." There are people who talk of the commonplaceness of life, and profess to believe that the element of the wonderful has been swept out of our existence by civilisation and science and the daily papers. Can they ever have had any experience of Fogland? W. H. D.-A.

## THE RELIEF OF SUAKIN.

The British troops which were engaged in the action of Dec. 20 against the Soudan Arabs, followers of Osman Digna and disciples of the Mahdi, who had long besieged Suakin, on the Red Sea coast, have been withdrawn to Egypt. The town and forts are now left under the protection of a garrison consisting of native black troops of the Egyptian army, supported by two or three gun-boats in the harbour. Osman Digna, with a force of 1300 men, including ninety horsemen, is encamped at Handoub, at the foot of the hills across the narrow plain adjacent to Suakin, and occasionally sends out parties to cut off the passing detachments of soldiers. Deserters from his camp, on Jan. 6, brought a report that he had received a letter from Khartoum, informing him of the capture of a person supposed to be Emin Pasha, but who was not accompanied by another white man. There seems to be no intention, at present, of advancing against Osman Digna.

We have already given an account of the engagement on Dec. 20, and have described the position of the British and Egyptian troops, occupying the forts and redoubts on the embankment, the "Right Water Fort" or Shatar, and the "Left Water Fort" or Gamezah, in front of which were the enemy's entrenched and fortified lines. The sketches of the actual conflict now presented are those with which we have been favoured by Middlemass Bey (Captain Arthur J. Middlemass, R.N.), Inspector-in-Chief of the Coast Guard at Alexandria, who was at Suakin on that occasion. The actual assault on the enemy's trenches, as has been stated, was performed by the two brigades of Egyptian troops—the first, under command of Colonel Kitchener, consisting of the 9th, 10th, and 12th black battalions; the second, composed of the 3rd and 4th Egyptian and the 11th (black) battalion, commanded by Colonel Holled Smith. The cavalry, under Colonel Barrow, consisting of Major Irwin's squadron of the 20th Hussars, the Mounted Infantry, and some detachments of Egyptian cavalry, rendered effective assistance. There was also the Naval Brigade. These troops were supported by the Welsh Regiment, under Colonel Smyth, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Colonel Talbot Coke; while General Sir Francis Grenfell was Commander-in-Chief. A heavy artillery fire was opened by the forts and gun-boats, at seven in the morning, and the troops advanced to within an easy distance of the enemy's trenches; the black battalions then rushed forward and cleared out the trenches in a few minutes, losing only four or five killed and some forty wounded; in the meantime, Major Irwin's Hussars charged and dispersed the enemy's horsemen, but several of the Hussars were killed. The enemy were completely routed and driven into the shrub, losing about a thousand men altogether, and there are a hundred lying wounded at Handoub. The action was all over at eight o'clock in the morning.

It is tolerably evident, however, that Osman Digna intends to renew active hostilities when he can gather some fresh troops, and unless Colonel Kitchener's negotiations dissuade the tribes from joining Osman Digna, the removal of the British troops will expose Suakin to renewed annoyance, though its capture by such an enemy is impossible, and there is a design of erecting additional forts to aid in its defences.

## NEWSPAPERS AND PRINTING IN INDIA.

Some statistics have been compiled by the officials of the Indian Home Department with reference to the number of presses, and the various newspapers, periodicals, and books published in India. In the year 1885-6—the year dealt with in the return—there were 1094 presses worked in India. Of these 294 were in the North-West Provinces and Oude, 229 in Bengal, 228 in the British territory in Bombay, and 20 in the native States, 200 in Madras, 71 in the Punjab, 26 in Burmah, 16 in the Central Provinces, 5 in Berar, 4 in Assam, and 1 in Coorg. The number of newspapers printed in English during the same year was 127, as against 117 in the previous year, and of newspapers printed in the vernacular or bilingual 277, as against 259 in 1884-5. The Punjab is not reckoned in the calculation, as the returns do not separate the English and the vernacular papers, but give a total of 67 for both. By far the greater number of the vernacular newspapers are published in the Bombay Presidency, which supports no less than 104, the North-West Provinces and Oude coming next with 72, and Bengal next with 54. In Madras there are only 29, and in Coorg no newspaper either in English or in the vernacular is published. The number of periodicals published in India—excluding the Punjab—was 284, of which 102 were in English and 182 in the vernacular. In the Punjab there were 122 periodicals published during the year. Bombay is again at the head of the list of native periodicals with 88, while in Madras 40 English periodicals were published, and only 21 in the vernacular. The number of books published in the vernacular was much larger than in 1884-5, when it was 6726. In 1885-6 the number was 7990, of which Bengal contributed 2414, Bombay 1855, the Punjab 1527, the North-West Provinces and Oude 1251, and Madras 718. On the other hand, the number of books printed in English has decreased—734 as against 770 in the previous year. Of these Bengal contributed 317, Madras 154, Bombay 168, the Punjab and the North-West Provinces and Oude 39 each.

The betrothal of the Archduchess Marie Valerie, youngest daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph, to the Archduke Francis Salvator, second son of the Archduke Charles Salvator, has been semi-officially announced.

An occasion during the past year of much religious interest to the Roman Catholic community in England was the Pontifical beatification of the Englishmen and Englishwomen who were put to death for opposing the Royal supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs in the times of the Protestant Reformation, and some of whom, by their sincerity and fidelity to the doctrines which they professed, may deserve to be regarded as saints and martyrs, even by those who entirely reject the claims of their Church. The memorial picture of these our fellow-countrymen in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, with views of the Tower of London, Smithfield, and Tyburn, the places of their execution, has been produced by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street, in a large photograph, which many of our readers will be glad to possess. It is a fine artistic composition, in which Mr. Barraud has consulted authentic portraits, Holbein's and others, including those of Sir Thomas More and Lady Salisbury, and has carefully represented the costumes of the period, and the dresses of different religious orders.

## A VILLAGE TREAT.

Half-past four in the afternoon! An hour ago, far down in the south the sun sank behind the Ayrshire hills, and already the winter night is rapidly closing in. By five o'clock it will be quite dark. The toil of the short winter day has ceased in the fields. The hedger, no longer able to see his work, ceases hacking at branch and twig, and with his bill-hook over his shoulder makes for his quiet cottage by the burn side. The slow-toiling road-man, having spread his last barrowful of whinstone chips along the ruts of the highway, casts pick and shovel into the vehicle before him, and trudges off to supper by his own warm hearth. And the stalwart ploughman, no longer sure of drawing a straight furrow, has unyoked his patient, broad-backed steeds, and comes slowly riding home towards the farm.

These, however, are not the only passengers moving amid the gathering darkness upon the roads. This is a great night in the village. The good ladies of the neighbouring castle are giving the schoolchildren their annual treat. There is to be tea, with buns and pastry, in the school-house. It is almost certain that there will be apples and oranges and sweets besides. And it is even whispered that there is to be a magic lantern. The curiosity of the countryside has been kept awake by the lights seen at night week after week in the windows of the school, where the precentor of the kirk has been training a special choir for the occasion; and for a whole month past the village children have been able to talk of little else than the forthcoming entertainment. So now, from far and near, along the parish roads groups of little folk are making their way towards the school-house, and out of the shadow, as one approaches upon the grassy footpath, is to be heard the pleasant treble of childish voices speculating eagerly about the good things likely to be in store for them.

The school-house itself makes a pleasant picture, with its low windows blazing cheerily out into the darkness under the trees, and with the light streaming from its open doorway, while the sounds of hospitable preparation are to be heard within. As the little groups come out of the surrounding darkness into this spot of light they are seized with a bashful shyness, and their lively chatter gives place to an expectant silence as they make their way to the scene of enjoyment inside. Their eyes sparkle with delight as they catch sight of the walls hung with holly, coral-berried and green, the tables heaped high with golden oranges and other good things, and at the far end of the school-room the white sheet upon which the pictures of the magic-lantern will be cast. There, too, are the kind hostesses of the occasion, smiling a pleasant welcome upon their youthful guests; and more than one little damsel's cheeks burn brighter with delight at some word or look of kindly recognition from one of the ladies. The minister of the parish is also at hand—the solemnity of his pulpit appearance laid aside—and ready, with a happy suggestion or a pleasant remark, to keep the wheels of the entertainment smoothly in motion. Other guests there are as well—ladies of the neighbouring country seats, county magnates, clergymen of adjoining parishes, and others; for the gentle givers of the treat have a place in many hearts, and all are glad of an opportunity to do them honour.

So the little low-roofed room is presently full enough, and for quite half an hour the clatter of teacups mingled with joyous childish chatter leaves no doubt as to the happiness of the juvenile guests. Fathers and mothers of city children would probably entertain alarming thoughts of the after-results were they to behold their offspring make away as heartily as these with quantities of buns and pastry; but the young folk here are made of other stuff, and moreover most of them have plenty of walking exercise before them ere sleeping time. They are here to enjoy themselves, and this they intend to do to the very best of their ability.

The healthiest of appetites, however, is satisfied at last, and expectant eyes presently begin to be turned towards the door where the magic lantern is being prepared. The intervening songs by the choir are, it is to be feared, but impatiently attended to, their chief interest to the occupants of the school benches resting probably in the fact that one or two of the schoolfellows are themselves among the singers. But the moment of delight arrives when the lamps are put out, the lantern is brought forward, and the round disk of light is thrown upon the white sheet on the wall. There is a timid silence among the girls, and they shrink closer to each other in anticipation of something awful revealing itself upon the wall; but the boys whisper audibly that they understand the working of the lantern, and express hopes that they will be treated to at least one railway accident and some funny pictures. "The exhibition will begin with several scenes from Bible history," says the manipulator, "in order to afford some idea of the life of these early times." And he certainly does not fail to begin at a sufficiently early period. His first picture represents the Creation; and though it can hardly be supposed to have been transcribed from actual fact upon the spot, the "idea of the life of these early times" which it conveys is sufficiently startling. There are about a hundred and fifty fowls of the air coming out of a very black thunder-cloud in the right-hand top corner, while a beautiful crimson whale spouts in the azure deep below, and the great serpent himself glares out of the front of the picture, his savage aspect probably owing to the difficulty he finds in unhooking the distant end of his tail from the edge of a somewhat bilious moon. This work of art, as a whole, nevertheless, affords immense satisfaction to the occupants of the benches behind, if the applause with which it is received may be taken as any criterion; and as the subjects of the pictures approach modern times they become somewhat more circumstantial in their details. It seems a long leap from the Creation to the Remarkable Story of Mr. Wimple's Umbrella; but the manipulator of the lantern manages to bridge the gulf, touching at Niagara Falls and the tombs of several Indian Emperors by the way, all of these truly wonderful representations receiving their due meed of unstinted applause; and when the display is ended with a lifelike portrait of her Majesty it is amid general expressions of regret. Happy are ye, O children, seeing and enjoying with undoubting hearts! and happy, too, for the hour, ye elder folk, listening to the heartsome childish laughter, and recalling, it may be, with a mournful pleasure like days that are long since past!

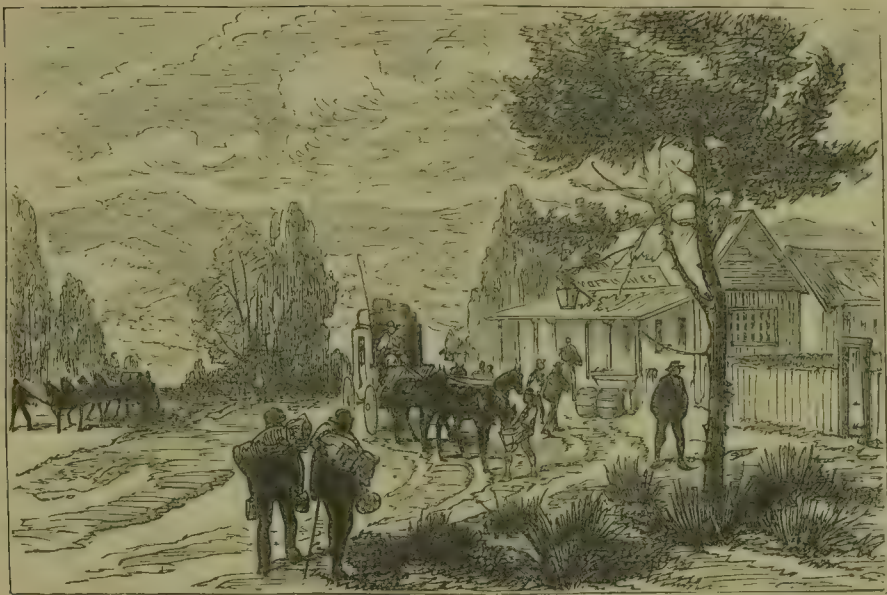
Some songs follow, with a recitation or two—the humorous pieces, as might be expected, telling best. Then there are a few speeches, everyone of consequence in the room having to say a word or two of compliment to the givers of the treat. And presently, with a parting gift of sweets and fruit, the children pour out again into the night.

Into the night—what a change! The hand of the frost has been put forth, "clothed in white samite." The moon has risen, filling the air with a mystic light. And the blue heaven is "inlaid with patines of bright gold." And, as the guests of wealth and consequence roll off in carriage after carriage along the iron-bound roads, it may be asked whether wisdom would not rather choose the fresh young hearts, so easily pleased, of the children going home by lane and stile and field-path to dream in careless slumber of the enjoyment that comes but once a year.

G. E. T.



## SKETCHES IN AUSTRALIA.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



WAYSIDE INN ON THE ROAD TO CORANDERRK, VICTORIA.



LILYDALE, VICTORIA, ON THE ROAD TO CORANDERRK.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, during his recent sojourn at Melbourne, the capital of the Colony of Victoria, had an opportunity of visiting the Government station for the residence of protected aborigines, which is situated at a place called Coranderrk, in the hill country beyond Lilydale, a small town or village of about four thousand inhabitants on the railway twenty-four miles north-east of Melbourne. We have no precise reckoning of the total number of the now remaining aboriginal inhabitants of Australia; but at the census of 1881 they were believed to number about 31,700, distributed as follows:—Victoria, 780; New South Wales, 1643; Queensland, 20,585; South Australia, 6346; Western Australia, 2346. In Tasmania the aborigines are extinct. In the settled parts they are now few and inoffensive, and are fast passing away. At the time of the first settlement of Australia it has been estimated that the natives numbered about 150,000, but this is merely a conjecture. Those in a wild and savage state have no fixed habitations; in the summer they live almost entirely in the open air, and, in more inclement weather, in bark huts of the simplest construction. Their implements are of wood, stone, or the bones of animals or fish. Their religious and intellectual condition is apparently of the lowest kind. They practise polygamy, and it is believed resort to cannibalism under exceptional circumstances. They are occasionally employed by the settlers in light kinds of work and as horse-breakers; but they dislike continuous occupation, and soon give it up. They are also sometimes engaged by the police in tracking criminals in the bush, for which they have great aptitude; as troopers, too, they have been found useful in "dispersing" their countrymen, the objection to their employment being the difficulty of restraining them from the wholesale slaughter of the blacks against whom they may be led. The physical characteristics of the natives have been thus generally described by Mr. J. D. Woods:—"The men are tall and well-formed, having broad foreheads, wide mouths, small piercing eyes, flattened noses, thick black hair, deep chests, their lower limbs being thin and ill-developed as compared with those of average Europeans. They are remarkable for the beauty and strength of their teeth, for the boldness of their carriage, and for the comparative smallness of their hands and feet. Although perfectly black, they are different in appearance from the natives of Africa, wanting the woolly hair and the great thickness of lips for which the latter are noted. The women are smaller than the men, in appearance worse looking, and with frames not so well developed. The aborigines all round the Australian coast-line bear the same description, and are supposed to have sprung from one source. This supposition is to a great extent confirmed by a general uniformity of customs, a similar uniformity in the laws which govern the relationships of individuals to members of their own tribes, and to those of the tribes to which their parents belong, and also by the uniformity in those laws which apply to the possession and occupation of territory. Their

weapons are generally similar, everywhere consisting of spears, shields, boomerangs, wooden axes, and waddies or clubs. The Botany Bay natives had bows and arrows. These are uncommon. In some portions of Australia the spears are pointed with flint or stone heads and barbs, and the natives in some places use flint knives and stone hatchets or tomahawks, the heads of which are fixed into cleft sticks, and secured with a rude kind of cord, firmly kept together by some resinous substances. On the seashore, canoes made of bark are commonly used for fishing, but only where the indigenous trees are large and abundant, and access to the beach is easy. The languages, or rather the dialects, which are or were in use in those portions of the country which have been opened out by the progress of settlement, afford strong presumptive

greasy roads, it is so managed by skilful driving that accidents are of rare occurrence. Passengers are constantly invited to descend to the firm ground, and to relieve the weight on the coach, as is seen in my sketch, but the pace throughout is exceedingly good.

"We soon arrive, therefore, at the gates of Coranderrk Station, one of the reserves provided by Government for the remnants of Australian aborigines. It is a large tract of land, over 4000 acres. The natives here collected live in comparative comfort, with very little work to do; hop-growing being one of the principal employments. To say they are happy in this confined condition would not be true; but they are watched over by a gentleman, Mr. Shaw, who does his utmost both in careful superintendence and by his friendly manner, to render their restraint more tolerable; and he seems to have gained the goodwill of the unfortunate people, who are fast being thinned by age and disease.

"A good deal of work is got through at times, the women being expert with the needle in making fancy articles, such as the feather aprons used by the natives in olden times, or baskets and nets; and these articles may be purchased by visitors to Coranderrk. The men are allowed to go out hunting occasionally; but one of their chief amusements is the making and throwing of boomerangs, which they also are allowed to sell. Great care and skill are necessary in their manufacture, to ensure the peculiar flight of these strange missile weapons through the air.

"I chanced to be there in the evening when the men, young and old, were out practising with boomerangs and trying them; and I was much astonished by the extraordinary style in which, being thrown with great force, the boomerang would whirl through the air, looking like a hoop; then, after rising and falling, and swooping about in the manner of a bird, it would return and fall at the thrower's feet. The children and boys were running to and fro, picking up the fallen implement as it fell; whilst the wives and sisters were looking on at a distance.

"For the second time in my life, I here also saw an old native make fire with two pieces of wood. One piece of wood rests on the ground, over some very dry bark of a tree, and then, with a long stick put between the hands, a certain twist is given, not so much by force as by knack, till the two pieces of wood emit sparks, which ignite the dry bark, and there is the fire. The whole process does not take more than half a minute. Novices may try their hands at it, but with as much success as in throwing the boomerang, for great practice and skill are necessary in both operations. Leaving Coranderrk, I went on by coach to Healsville, and thence to Fernshaw; here the ascent of the Black Spur mountain is commenced. The scenery along this road is very delightful; giant trees abound, fern and sassafras; while in the gullies are creeks and leaping streams of the purest sparkling water."



PRIMITIVE AUSTRALIAN METHOD OF MAKING FIRE.

evidence of a common origin." The natives of Northern Queensland are fierce and bloodthirsty, and in the neighbourhood of the Palmer River and Hodgkinson diggings and farther north have sacrificed many lives, but those in New South Wales and Victoria are quite harmless.

We proceed to give our Special Artist's own account of his excursion to the Coranderrk Aborigines' Station, and of the road to that place, which is from Lilydale, he says, "a perfect slough of despond," at least in the season of the year when he performed the journey:—

"It is a surprise to others, as well as to myself, that coaches can be made that will remain upright on this road. Luggage is piled on the top, thus making the coach even more unsafe; yet, with this and frightful ruts in the wet and



STREET OF CORANDERRK, THE ABORIGINES' STATION, VICTORIA.



SKETCHES IN AUSTRALIA.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



STAGE-COACH ON THE ROAD TO CORANDERRK, NEAR LILYDALE, VICTORIA.



BOOMERANG-THROWING AT CORANDERRK, THE ABORIGINES' STATION, VICTORIA.





1. Through the Bamboos. 2. At Bay.

ELK OR SAMBHUR DEER HUNTING, IN CEYLON.







# MORE DEBATING SOCIETY SKETCHES.

The reader who recollects anything of the old Debating Club at the Blue Lion, where Mr. Soggins used to preside once a week over the oratorical discussions of every abstract proposition, concerning the State and social interests or political principles, that could be invented by its most ingenious members, will be prepared to hear that similar societies continue to hold their meetings, with the refreshing aid of pots and pipes and glasses at individual discretion, in the large upper rooms of several comfortable taverns. The feast of reason, so far as it may accompany the flow of talk, is stimulated by a moderate flow of spirituous or other alcoholic liquors, while the fumes of tobacco help to diffuse an atmosphere of philosophical contemplation, which mitigates controversial asperity and is favourable to the concentration of thought. Such influences, with the social character of meetings in which a small number of gentlemen, not representing electoral constituencies but only their own personal impressions of that little bit of the world in which each man lives, cannot fail to develop an outspoken frankness and liveliness of self-assertion, which in responsible Parliaments is scarcely



*The man who takes notes but never makes a speech.*



*The man who takes notes and always makes a speech.*

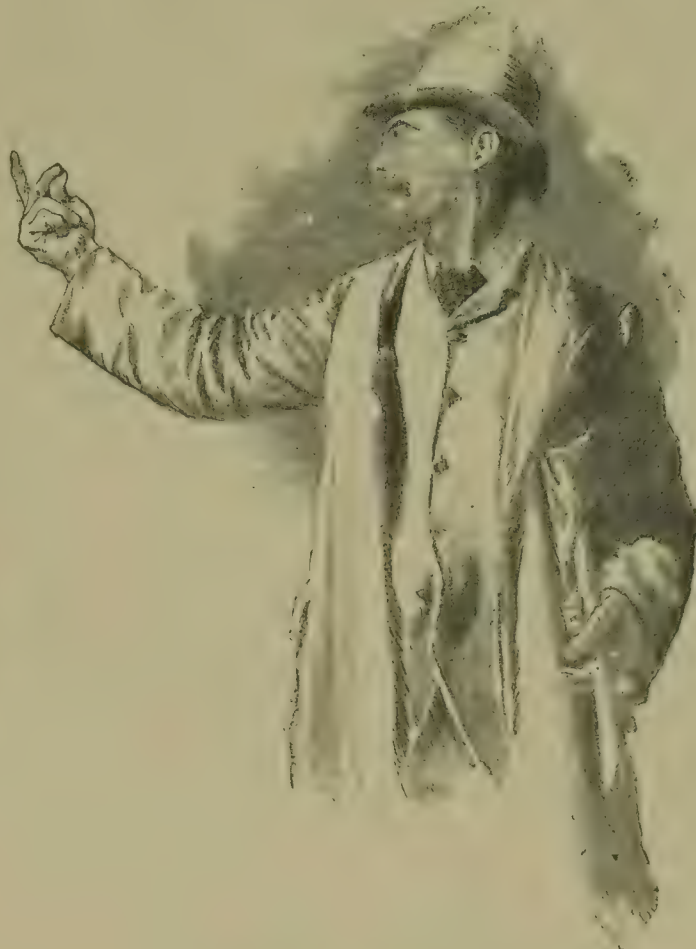


*The man who is always rising to a point of order.*



*The man who never takes notes and never makes a speech.*

exhibited beyond the hon. gentlemen figuring invariably at the tail of the Opposition Party. Eccentricity of opinion here becomes the rule instead of the exception, and is often betokened, among speakers and listeners, by some eccentricity of demeanour, which affords sufficient amusement to an occasional visitor caring naught for the subject of debate. Our Artist, who does not report speeches, has again made good use of his pencil to furnish characteristic portraits of six or seven recognised members of a certain Debating Society, noting their habits and attitudes, and their accustomed parts in the evening's entertainment. As each of them is observed always to do the same thing, and what they do is far more interesting to the observer of human nature than what they can possibly have to say, we suppose the want of any record of the topic of discussion, and of the arguments on either side, is no great loss. The performance is, therefore, displayed in dumb show, and without setting forth the names of its actors.



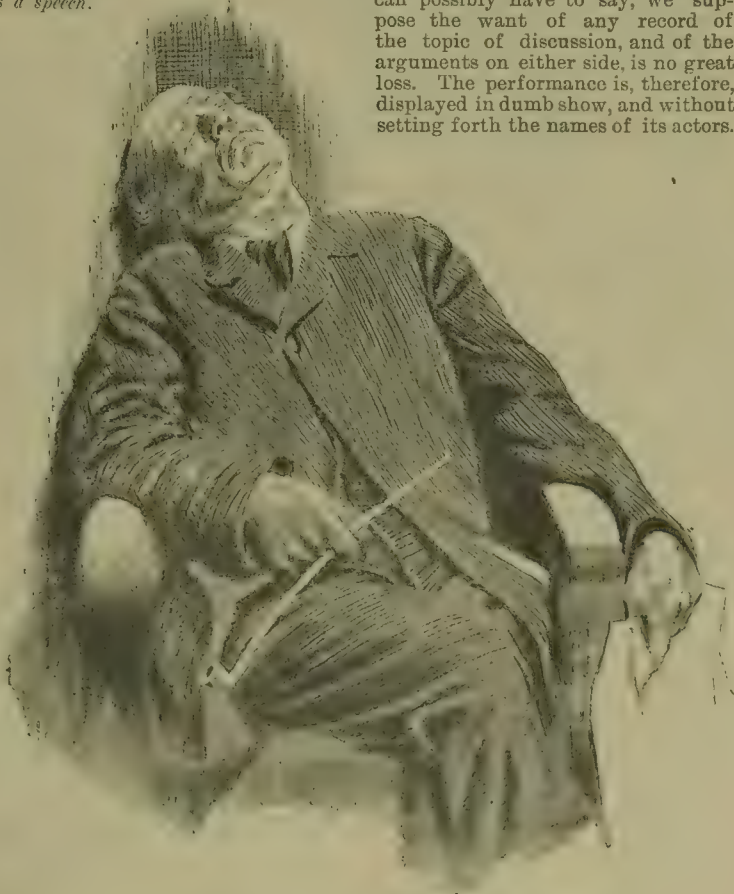
*The man who is "requested to withdraw."*



*"The debate will now close for this evening, gentlemen."*



*The man who has had enough.*



*The man who always goes to sleep.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

The New-Year time, with all its characteristic beginnings and new resolves, has a knack of suggesting to the scientific mind the process familiarly known in commercial circles as that of stock-taking. A very necessary process is that of noting the value of one's goods and chattels, and of ascertaining whether we are going forwards or sliding backwards in the life commercial. In the matter of the life physical, it is no less important a matter to discover whether we are doing well or doing only fairly, or even badly, with respect to the sheer business of living out our appointed ends. For living, it strikes me, is not only a business in itself, but a very important and grave piece of work, when all is said and done. How few of us, in the first place, can be said to live the perfect physical life, such as the sanitarian pictures in his dreams, visions, or even prophecies of the ideal existence! Contrariwise, how many of us live not only extravagantly, but recklessly and carelessly as well—in a physical sense, let me repeat. Numbers of us are perpetually overdrawn our account at the Bank of Life and Health (Limited—very Limited indeed); thousands are squandering their patrimony of strength and vitality with reckless hand; and thousands more, by compulsion of circumstances, are forced to make bad bargains in life's business, to struggle to make ends meet, and, alas! often give up business altogether, without joining the ends at all. On the whole, then, this great business of living in which we all are deeply engaged is a tolerably reasonable topic for a New-Year's lay-sermon. Even if one may not have anything that is very new or very original to record, he may, like preachers of another order, at least "improve the occasion."

Regarding the matter of making the most of our life physically as the all-important business in which we are engaged from birth to death, the justice of this assertion becomes plain when we reflect that to the healthy man most things are possible, while to the unhealthy individual most things are beyond reach. The common idea prevails that good health is largely a matter of chance; that you must take things as they come, and leave all questions of health and disease to the guidance of the modern medicine-man. Now, it is true, I admit, that for a certain amount of the health and disease we enjoy and suffer, we are not responsible. There is such a thing as heredity and the inexorable handing down from one generation to another of legacies of physical unthrift and of bodily ailment. We are born into the world with that magical word "constitution" graven deeply in our frames, and written on skin and muscle, nerve and sinew, bone and brain. We have to live up to our constitutional peculiarities in some cases, just as we require to live them down in others; and we certainly do start life sometimes with a clean bill of health; at other times, sorely handicapped by reason of the follies and negligences of our predecessors. But beyond this plain declaration of how we may be started well, or fairly, or badly in the business of living, there yet lies the great commercial fact, that our own personal branch of the trade, as regards its making or marring, is largely in our own hands. We can build up a good business out of a feeble affair, or we can spoil the best of "going concerns," as the phrase runs. What we require first of all is to know how to conduct the affair to a successful issue, and to know the laws and rules which regulate the commercial transactions wherein we engage. And all this knowledge, I repeat, is not a matter of chance; it comes not by nature, and it is only to be learned and gained through diligent tuition in the practice of healthy living.

To descend from metaphor to practical details, I maintain that, with intelligent and increased attention paid to the laws of health, we should be able to save an immensity of pain, a large amount of money, and, above all, an incalculable number of lives. We are diligent enough in money-making pursuits, and we are all eager enough to woo pleasure and to walk in the green pastures and by the still waters of sweet contentment. But the great foundation of all pleasure, health itself, is not yet made a matter of even casual study by the people. They have still to learn that, as banking, or shoemaking, or bookbinding, or any other profession or trade, requires a training for its successful pursuit, so the business of being well and of keeping well needs study, demands knowledge, and requires patience and perseverance as the necessary conditions for building up life's forces to the end of a hale old age. The doctor's business is to fight disease; our business is to ward it off. His duty is to cure the ailment when it arrives; ours is that of keeping the ailment far from our doors. The business of health-study is not a difficult one by any means. It involves the practical application to daily life of comparatively few and simple details. We want to know, first of all, about foods and drinks, and why temperance in all things—the golden mean of the philosopher—is the highway of successful living. We need to be taught a philosophy of clothes, that we may be wise enough to resist the foolishness of fashion and the commonplace errors of dress which everywhere abound. We require knowledge of the causes of disease—how bad drains cause typhoid fever, and how typhus follows like a dread Nemesis on the footsteps of overcrowding and foul air. We want to know how the young are to be trained physically, and how the old are to be cared for so as to prolong the flickering of life's lamp in its feeble time. All this, and more, must we know before we may boast of being able to start successfully this great business of living well—of doing well in life not only for ourselves but for others—for our own house, and for "all sorts and conditions of men."

A wise reformer once remarked that there would be no difficulty incurred in teaching people to live wisely and well, provided always you explained to them intelligently the why and wherefore of your information. To teach the masses why cleanliness of body is a necessity for health, and why three baths a *sine qua non* of good living, it was urged, could only be effected if you made people understand that the skin is an organ perpetually engaged in getting rid of part of the body's waste—that it is really a kind of lung spread over the body, and that attention to its work is therefore a prime duty of us all. To impress on the minds of the people why ventilation is necessary, you must similarly teach them what lungs are, and what lungs do. These are the canons of health-science, and they are very plain, homely matters after all is said and done; yet on such a basis depends the success of life in a physical, and, I will add, in a mental, sense also. So I would begin with the school, and make such plain teachings about the body and its life and work part and parcel of every child's education. Our children might have little Latin and less Greek, or they might not be able to construe a single sentence in French, but I should at least warrant their knowledge about fresh air and foul, about personal cleanliness, about disinfection, and other plain facts of health. True, there is no reason why we should not have the Latin and the Greek and the French also; but let us place a knowledge of this great business of living well first in the list of educational necessities. As Herbert Spencer says, it will not benefit a sorrowing mother who has lost her child through neglect of health-laws that she can read Dante in the

original. Lastly, what we gain in the way of health in one generation is transmitted in a geometrical ratio to the next. This is the moral of my New Year's lay-sermon. We are not living for self alone when we live healthily. We are really living for everybody else in the sense that better health for us means duty ably performed, life made happier; while the good we ourselves experience is reflected upon our neighbours at large. That is not by any means a feeble result of our successful conduct of the business of life. And so, in the true meaning of the old salutation—a health-greeting in its way—I say, "Fare you well!"

ANDREW WILSON.

## MAIDEN FANCIES.

Youthful womanhood, in the attitude of expectant meditation, perhaps not entirely "fancy-free," that imparts sentimental interest to the beautiful figure in a German artist's picture, the engraving from which is presented for our Extra Supplement this week, engages the sympathies of every heart. We may be old, and dull, and dry, exhausted of the springs of personal emotion by a long life-march in the dusty road of worldly cares and toils; but the fairest bloom of the sweetest portion of humanity, in the season of hopeful affections and of innocent natural aspirations, is a spectacle that renews our general admiration of the sex, as the ornament and consolation of mortal existence. Of what is the young woman thinking? It would be rude to bid a penny for her thoughts; none of them are to be bought so cheaply, or in any vulgar coin; and she would be prompted by a feminine instinct to tell us something else. This is a warrantable finesse, in all honesty of social converse, with due regard to her age and condition; but when the proper time comes, and the proper man, she will speak "in good sooth" to reply to a proper question, and we trust her "maiden fancies" will be the prelude to secure happiness for her and for him.

## COLONIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The *Gazette* contains notices that the Queen has been pleased to appoint General Sir Henry Wylie Norman (Governor of Jamaica) to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Queensland and its Dependencies; the Earl of Kintore to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of South Australia and its Dependencies; Sir Henry Arthur Blake (late Governor of Newfoundland) to be Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica and its Dependencies; Oliver Smith, Esq., Queen's Advocate of the Colony of Lagos, to administer the Government of that colony in the event of the absence, &c., of the Governor and of the Colonial Secretary thereof; John Worrell Carrington, Esq., C.M.G. (Chief Justice of St. Lucia and Tobago), to be Attorney-General for the Colony of British Guiana; Samuel John Forster, Esq., and Henry Charles Goddard, Esq., to be Unofficial Members of the Legislative Council of the Colony of the Gambia; and James Topp, Esq., Postmaster of the Gambia, to be an Official Member of the Legislative Council of that colony.

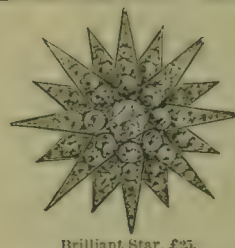
The Queen has been pleased to direct Letters Patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom providing for the Government of the Seychelles Islands; and has been further pleased to appoint Thomas Risely Griffith, Esq. (Colonial Secretary and Treasurer of Sierra Leone), to be Administrator of the Seychelles Islands; and to give directions for the appointment of François Hodoul, Eugène Serret, and Noel Jouanis, Esqrs., to be Unofficial Members of the Legislative Council of the Seychelles Islands.

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FINE STARS mounted to form Tiara, from £170 to £425.



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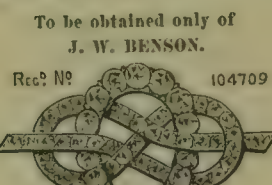
Hunting Safety Scarf Pin, Brilliant Centre, £5. Whole Pearl Centre, £1 10s.



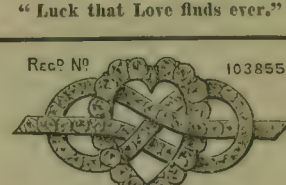
Moonstone and Diamond Brooch, £13 13s.



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Brilliant Brooch, £30. Gold Brooch, £3 3s.



Brilliant Brooch, £30. Gold Brooch, £3 3s.

"This knot of gold, A heart doth hold."—OLD MOTTO.

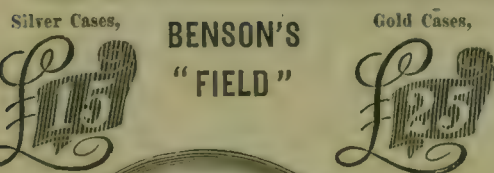
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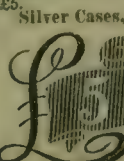
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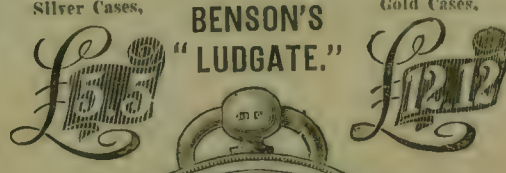
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 25, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 17, 1888), of William Isaac Cookson, J.P., late of Workop Manor, Workop, Notts, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 29 by Norman Charles Cookson and George John Cookson, the sons, and William Gibson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £585,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 and an annuity of £2000 for life to his wife, Mrs. Emma Mary Ann Cookson; £10,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Jane Ann Bulman, to follow the trusts therein contained; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Agnes Elizabeth, Countess Von Seyssel d'Aix; £2000 to his grandson, Neston William Diggle, on his attaining the age of twenty-one; £20,000 each to his daughters, Louisa Adelaide and Alice Winifred; £18,000 each to his other daughters, and legacies to servants. He devises his warehouses, lands, and premises on the south side of the Close at Newcastle to his son Norman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his sons, but certain sums advanced to them during his lifetime are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1888) of Mr. James Irvin Hughes, late of No. 328, Camden-road, and No. 14, Hillsborough-terrace, Ilfracombe, a partner in the firm of Copestake, Hughes, and Co., Bow-churchyard, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Jan. 2 by Mrs. Mary Love Hughes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator gives £500, all his furniture, linen, plate, &c., carriages and horses, his house in Camden-road, and the use, for life, of his freehold house at Ilfracombe, to his wife; £2000 to Mrs. Emma Maria Strather; £3000, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Snow, and, on the death of his wife, he devises his freehold house at Ilfracombe to his niece, Isabella Street. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as she shall by will or codicil appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1888) of Miss Maria Cox, late of No. 7, Dawson-place, W., who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Jan. 2 by Herbert Edward Cox, the brother, and Herbert Lovis Noel-Cox, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths £7000, upon trust, for her nephew, James Ernest Lacordaire Cox; £2000 to her niece, Caroline Ella Cox; £400 to her aunt, Miss Mary Anne Evans; and certain shares in the County Fire Insurance Company, the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, and the Royal Mail Steamship Company, her inscribed stock of Queensland and New Zealand, her freehold property at Muswell Hill, Edmonton, and Croydon, and all her furniture, &c., at her house to her nephew, Herbert Lovis Noel-Cox. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her brother Herbert Edward Cox.

The will (dated April 1, 1884) of Colonel Ernest Henry Manningham Buller, late of Woolwich, who died on Nov. 8 last, was proved on Dec. 27, by Edmund Manningham Manningham Buller, the brother, and William Morton Philips, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator gives all his ready money, the money at his bankers' and agents', and his horses, uniforms, books, &c., to his brother Edmund; and annuities of £300 each to his brother Reginald John Manningham Buller, and during widowhood, to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice Jessie Manningham Buller, the widow of his brother Frederic Charles. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his brother Edmund, for life, and then to his children, as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 7, 1888), of Mr. Frederic Richard Surtees, late of Boxley Abbey, Kent, who died on Nov. 29, was proved on Dec. 28, by Frederick Philipse Morris and Mrs. Caroline Prothero, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his friend, Ker Baillie Hamilton; £100 each to his brother, Gordon Surtees; his nephew, Villiers Surtees; John Surtees; his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Allnatt, her daughter Maud, and Frederick Philipse Morris; £1500 Madras Railway Stock to Henry Cox; 50 shares in the Bank of South Australia to George Nelson Cox; £2100 to his housekeeper, Mrs. Reid, for the way she nursed him through his illness; and other legacies and specific gifts of pictures, books, plates, &c., to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to Mrs. Catherine Prothero.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of the Commissariat of Ayrshire, of the general trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Aug. 17, 1887) of the Most Honourable Evelyn Marchioness of Ailsa, wife of the Marquis of Ailsa, who died at Culzean Castle, Maybole, Ayrshire, on July 26, granted to the Rev. Sholto Douglas, Campbell Douglas, and David Baird, jun., the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 31, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £17,000.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1888) of Lady Rosamond Spencer Churchill, the wife of Alfred Henry Caulfield, Esq., of Meadow Bank, Twickenham, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 1 by the said Alfred Henry Caulfield, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6000. The testatrix leaves all her property, estate and effects over which she has any power of appointment, to her husband, absolutely.

## MUSIC.

The earliest performance of the year—indeed, the earliest that was possible—was that of "The Messiah" (conducted by Mr. Barnby) by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall on Jan. 1, already briefly mentioned. The soprano solos were finely sung by Madame Albani, who made her last public appearance before her departure for America. The other principal vocalists were Madame Patey; Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. W. Mills. The choruses were grandly rendered, the "Hallelujah" and "For unto us" having been especially impressive.

The concert just referred to was speedily followed by the continuance of the twenty-third season of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall. This was an afternoon performance on Jan. 5, when solo vocal music was effectively rendered by Mrs. Mary Davies, Mdle. Trebelli, Madame Sterling, Miss E. Rees, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Maybrick; Mr. E. Fanning's select choir having contributed some good part singing. Favourite songs and ballads, old and new, were included in the programme, several having been (as usual) encored. M. Tivadar Nachéz played some violin solos with skilful execution. Mr. S. Naylor was the accompanist.

On Monday evening Jan. 7, the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall were resumed in continuation of the thirty-first season (begun on Nov. 12). The final evening concert of 1888 took place on Dec. 17, and the last afternoon performance of the old year was given on Dec. 22, so that a comparatively brief interval elapsed between the cessation and resumption of these concerts, the absence of which is a cause of regret to a very large public, whose rejoicing at their renewal is proportionately great. The evening concert of Jan. 7 was of substantial and varied interest, although not presenting any

novelty. Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) reappeared as leading and solo violinist, her associates in Beethoven's quartet in E flat (the harp quartet) having been MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; and her solo pieces an Adagio by Spohr and Leclair's "Tambourin." Mdle. Janotha was the pianist, her principal display having been in Chopin's Barcarolle. The closing piece in the programme was Rubinstein's Sonata, Op. 18, for piano and violoncello, which received a fine interpretation from the lady pianist and Signor Piatti. Two lieder by Brahms, and Gounod's "Le Nom de Marie" were effectively sung by Mr. Santley, Mr. S. Naylor having been the accompanist of the evening. The Saturday afternoon performances associated with the Monday Popular Concerts are resumed on Jan. 12.

That esteemed vocalist Miss Damian announced an evening concert at Prince's Hall on Jan. 9, with a varied programme, including performances by herself and other well-known artists, vocal and instrumental. Miss Damian accompanies Madame Albani in her professional visit to America.

The production of M. Planquette's new opera, "Paul Jones," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—announced for Jan. 12—will have to be commented on hereafter.

The annual conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians has just been held at Cambridge. Addresses were delivered by several more or less well-known professors in furtherance of the avowed purpose of "especially encouraging and promoting the growth of British music, and restoring this great country to the proud pre-eminence in their art that she had formerly held." The meeting of next year will take place at Edinburgh, beginning on Jan. 8.

Another renewal of musical activity in London will occur on Jan. 15, when Mr. Henschel's interesting Symphony Concerts will be resumed, at St. James's Hall, with the fifth of the evening performances.

The production of M. Benoit's oratorio, "Lucifer," by the Royal Choral Society—promised for Jan. 16—has been postponed indefinitely; "Faust" (originally announced for March 30) being given instead.

London music will soon resume its usual engrossing share of public attention; a plentiful supply of winter performances leading to still more in the spring and summer months; the latter season bringing forward operatic schemes which are as yet immature and not safely to be predicted, with the exception of the known fact of Mr. Augustus Harris's renewed occupation of Covent-Garden Theatre for a summer season of Royal Italian Opera performances, which promise to be of high and special interest.

The returns of the joint-stock enterprises at Somerset House for 1888 are regarded as phenomenal. The aggregate capitals amounted to over £400,000,000, as against £168,000,000 in 1887. The returns for the month of December gave capitals in the aggregate of £12,232,030, which amount accounts for 162 companies.

We have received "The Melbourne Argus Tables of Australasian Mails for 1889." They are in the form of a small book of twenty-four pages, suitable for the pocket, and comprise the complete official British and foreign mail services to and from Australia and New Zealand, rates of passage, postage, and cable charges. There is also an excellent lithographed chart of the world, showing cable systems, calendar, &c. Copies may be obtained gratis at the London offices of the Argus, 80, Fleet-street; or by enclosing a penny stamp to cover postage.

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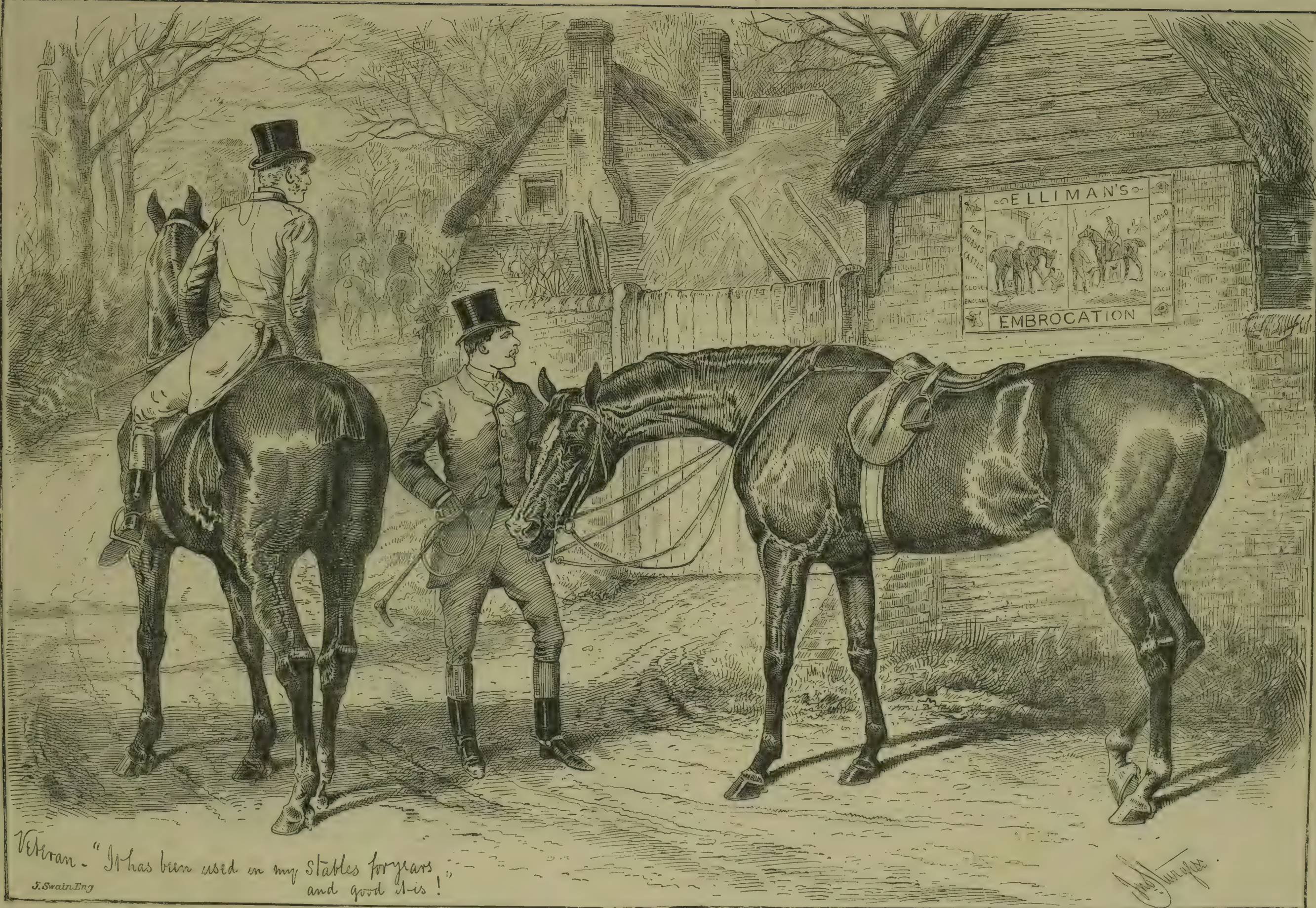
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There was hardly so much interest as usual in the private view of the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy on Jan. 5. The new actress, Miss Julia Neilson, sweeping through the rooms with a great air of being "somebody" and escorted by Mr. Gilbert, was the most noticed; though an unknown in brightest scarlet silk with outside pockets, narrow sash, and buttons of black, contested that position. Miss Neilson had a big flat black hat with a number of little birds pointing their tails in the air on the crown, and an "Empire" or bird-cage veil, a Directoire dress of grey silk, and a long seal-skin mantle. Lady Colin Campbell looked subdued all in black; and Mrs. Bancroft tried to appear quiet in a similarly sombre garb. Evergreen Mrs. Stirling had a biscuit-coloured gauze and lace bonnet and a long seal-brown mantle. Lady Dorothy Nevill's green tie was the object of much suppressed admiration. Mrs. Jopling showed the true artist's eye for colour in her daring combination of olive-green cloth Directoire coat and copper silk vest.

Madame Carnot, I hear, is being attacked by a section of the French press for having received at the Elysée the famous explorer, Madame Dieulafoy, in "the dress of a man." This is a costume which she first devised for herself when superintending the excavations made under the care of her husband and herself in Persia. This garb, assumed first for working purposes, Madame Dieulafoy found so convenient and easy that a return to stays, tight-fitting or décolletée bodices, and long trains became intolerable. Madame Dieulafoy wears a "dual garment" slightly modified from that common to man, an "all-round" coat, and deep turn-down white collar—so that she could not be mistaken for a man even at a casual glance. Our own great woman traveller, Miss Isabella Bird, wears a somewhat similar costume when away from civilisation; but her trousers are full and set in to the ankle, while she has a short skirt to her coat, which is usually worn buttoned up to above the knee, but which can on occasion be let down so as to conceal the "divided" arrangement. George Sand and Rosa Bonheur were more uncompromising. When the former assumed male attire, her object was to go freely and without notice about the streets of Paris: an object that certainly would not have been attained by a costume that was neither male nor female in fashion. It is fifty years ago now since the famous free-lance of womanhood so greatly dared; and Rosa Bonheur's similar action (justified on the ground of the greater convenience and safety of male clothing when she was going about in stock-yards and other rough places to study animal life) dates almost as far back. The grand picture by Rosa Bonheur which is now in the National Gallery—"The Horse Fair"—was eighteen months in course of painting, and during the whole of that time the artist attended the horse-market of Paris regularly twice a week, costumed and looking so like a man that she never attracted the observation of the rough characters who, by some mysterious law of attraction, always gather in special force around "the noble animal."

With such high precedents as these—one of the greatest of French authors and one of the greatest of French painters—

to support Madame Dieulafoy's action, it seems strange that an attack should be made through her costume on Madame Carnot. It is, of course, most necessary that the attire of men and that of women should be distinguishable at a glance. Except under special excuse, such as that of Rosa Bonheur, no woman who respected herself would consent to so clothe herself as to be liable to be mistaken for a man. But so far as concerns the assumption of a garment that recognises, as Lady Harborton puts it, "that a woman is a biped"—why, surely, women have a prior claim to that kind of costume. Probably a larger number of women (all those in the Orient) now wear, and always have worn, visible trousers than wear long petticoats; so that it is absurd to talk as though such a garment were naturally and eternally forbidden to the sex. There can be little doubt that some more useful, less cumbersome kind of dress than that now general will be evolved in course of time out of the practical necessities of the large and ever growing class of working educated women. As soon as women begin to labour in earnest, and require to go out in all weathers and to exercise to the full whatever natural bodily strength they may possess, they feel the immense disadvantages of the dragging petticoats around their ankles. Working women, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, would not be likely ever to free themselves from the incubus. Man is an imitative animal—especially in his feminine gender; and the lower classes of womankind will, in matters of dress, follow the upper as sheep follow the bell-wether. In one of Leech's funny sketches, in the days of crinoline, the cook, who has just swept down some pots by reason of her circumference, is remonstrated with by the housemaid—"Lor, Cook, I wonders as you should wear such a big one about the house; I only puts mine on for Sundays": and Cook loftily replies, "Excuse me, Mary Jane, I likes to be a lady on weekdays as well as Sundays!" It must certainly be women entitled to be called "ladies" who must introduce any innovations into female everyday attire. It is impossible to predict what those will be or when they will begin; but it may confidently be said that there will be changes, because the present fashion of dress is a handicap that women engaged seriously in the battle of life cannot afford, however comfortably it may be endured by the comparatively indolent dwellers at home and by the queens of society who toil not at all.

New vocations for educated women are constantly being sought for in a way that shows how many of that class need and find it hard to get congenial employment. The latest ideas in this direction are at least novel. They are "the lady guide" and "the home musician." The former is to undertake to personally conduct visitors to this vast metropolis, whether to shows, to shops, or to lodgings. If a country or foreign party strange to London propose to visit it, they can send beforehand to the "Lady Guide Association" full particulars of their requirements and their limits of terms for apartments, and all preparations will be made for them. When they come, their guide will meet them at the railway station, convoy them to their rooms, help them to lay out their plans, and generally act as a devoted friend to the stranger within the gates—only the consideration will be three-and-sixpence per hour instead of hospitable sentiments. After that, she can be

engaged to go to sights, to explain the lions, to lead the mistress to shops where her taste and her purse will be suited, or to take charge of the youngsters while papa and mamma go to the theatre or to their distant rich relation's dinner party. If there are enough employers to be found, the occupation may be far from unpleasant; the problem of whether there are enough visitors to London who desire such help to make the scheme successful can only be solved by experience. "The Home Musician" appears to me even less practical an idea. She is to be a young lady fairly accomplished as a pianist, or singer, or both, who will go, for a small remuneration, to perform by the hour to invalids, or in family circles where music is appreciated. Here, again, the problem is—are there people who want the thing done? Personally, if I could only (or always) defend myself from the amateur or inferior semi-professional musician by paying her half-a-crown an hour to keep away, the coin would be forthcoming. But there may be numbers of people who will gladly pay to hear the piano pounded after the manner of the third-rate music teacher; and, as musicians of small powers, anxious to earn, are sadly overabundant, it will be a blessing to that class if such an outlet for their exertions can be found.

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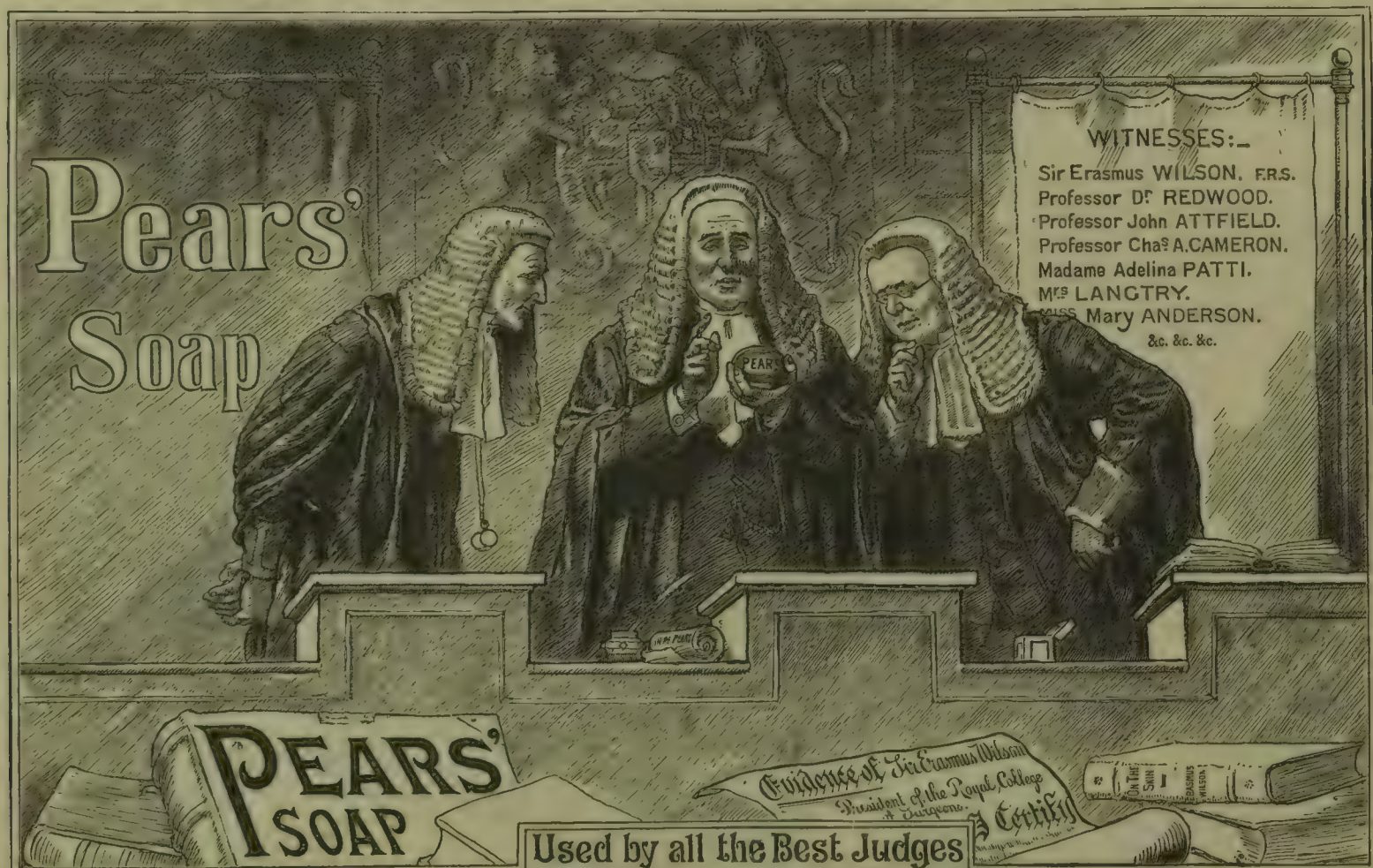
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The postage on parcels not exceeding 11lb. in weight for India (including Burmah and the Indian post-offices in the Persian Gulf), Aden, and Zanzibar, is now reduced to the following rates:—not exceeding 1lb., 1s.; for each pound or fraction of a pound additional, 8d. The postage on parcels for the Australian colonies (except Queensland, to which colony the parcel post does not yet extend), Hong-Kong, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and the Cape of Good Hope has also been reduced. The Post-Office notifies that parcels not exceeding 4 lb. in weight may now be accepted for transmission to any post-office in Canada, the service being no longer, as heretofore, restricted to certain selected offices.

The statue of the late Rev. William Barnes, the Dorset poet, by Mr. E. Rosene Mullins, has been cast, and can be seen by those interested at Mr. Moore's foundry, until Jan. 19. It is to be erected in Dorchester, and unveiled by the Bishop of Salisbury on Feb. 4.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during the last year 280,068 emigrants of British origin left our shores, being a smaller number by 1419 than that of those leaving in 1887. On the other hand, the number of foreigners leaving for countries out of Europe was 113,325, being greater by 4758 than the number of those who left in 1887. The increase in foreign emigration was principally to the United States and British North America. The emigration from Ireland was 73,195, as compared with 78,901 in 1887; that from England 171,004, against 168,221 in 1887; and that from Scotland 35,869, against 34,365. The British emigrants to the United States were fewer in 1888 than in 1887 by 5566, and to Australia by 2961, whilst those to British North America were more numerous in 1888 by 2909 than those in 1887.

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OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN RALPH BLOIS, BART.

Sir John Ralph Blois, eighth Baronet, of Grundisburgh and Cockfield Hall, in the county of Suffolk, died at his seat, near Yoxford, on Dec. 31. He was born Aug. 13, 1830, the second son of Captain John Ralph Blois, by Eliza Knox, his wife, second daughter of the Rev. John Barrett, Rector of Iniskeel, in the county of Donegal, and succeeded to the baronetcy (which was created in 1686) on the death of his uncle in 1855. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, and was formerly Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Suffolk, and served the office of High Sheriff for that county in 1862. He married, Jan. 25, 1865, Eliza Ellen, youngest daughter of Captain Alfred Chapman, R.N., of 90, Eaton-place, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, now Sir Ralph Barrett Macnaghten Blois, ninth Baronet, Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, who was born Nov. 21, 1866.

LORD WILLIAM OSBORNE-ELPHINSTONE.

Lord William Godolphin Osborne-Elphinstone died on Dec. 28 at his seat, Tulliallan, Kincardine-on-Forth. He was born March 29, 1804, the second son of Francis, first Lord Godolphin (the second son of the fifth Duke of Leeds), and on his cousin succeeding to the dukedom of Leeds in May, 1859, he and his younger brother were raised to the rank of Duke's sons. He entered the Army, and served in the 16th Lancers and 10th Hussars, and as Aide-de-Camp and Military Secretary to the Governor-General of India from 1836 to 1841. He was present at the siege and capture of Bhurtpoor in 1826, and in the China Expedition of 1839 to 1841. He assumed the additional surname of Elphinstone in 1869. Lord William married firstly, June 7, 1843, the Hon. Caroline Montague, the sixth daughter of Matthew, fourth Lord Roebury (a title now extinct), which lady died Nov. 10, 1867; and secondly, May 10, 1870, Georgina Henrietta, widow of the Hon. Augustus Villiers, and daughter of the first Viscount Keith.

THE COUNTESS OF SHEFFIELD.

The Right Hon. Harriet, Countess of Sheffield, died on Jan. 1, at her residence, 10, Royal-crescent, Brighton. Her Ladyship was born June 19, 1802, the eldest daughter of Henry, second Earl of Harewood, by Henrietta, his wife, the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Saunders Sebright, sixth

Baronet, of Besford, in the county of Worcester. Lady Sheffield was married, June 6, 1825, to George Augustus, second Earl of Sheffield, who died April 5, 1876, and leaves, with a daughter (Susan, wife of Mr. Edward William Vernon Harcourt, of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, M.P.), an only surviving son, the present Earl of Sheffield.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BLYTH.

Lieutenant-General Frederick Samuel Blyth, C.B., died at 3, Thornton-villas, St. Helier, Jersey, on Dec. 28, in his fifty-eighth year. He was the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Blyth, 3rd Dragoons, of Westcliff, in the county of Hants. He entered the Army in 1849, became Captain in 1853, Major in 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1865, Colonel in 1870, Major-General in 1881, and Lieutenant-General in 1886. He retired in the latter year. He served with the 40th Regiment in New Zealand during the War in 1863-5, and was present at the battle of Rangariri, the action of Wairoa, and commanded 300 men at the assault and capture of Orakau. He also served in the Afghan War in 1878-9, and took part in the expedition into the Bazar Valley under Lieutenant-General Maude. He received for his services two medals, with clasps, and was several times mentioned in despatches. He was made a C.B. in 1879.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Stephen Parkinson, for many years Fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, on Jan. 2. He was Senior Wrangler in 1845.

Mr. Gibson Black, of Blackheath, Clontarf, in the county of Dublin, J.P., High Sheriff of that county in 1886, on Jan. 3, aged fifty-five.

Colonel Andrew David Geddes, 83rd Regimental District, at Belfast, on Dec. 23. He entered the Army in 1854, became Captain in 1866, Major in 1873, and Colonel in 1883.

Mrs. Swanborough, who was so long manageress of the Strand Theatre, on Jan. 6, at her residence, 5, Pelham-crescent, Brompton, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Mr. J. W. Robe, at his residence, Biddenham, Beds, on Dec. 25, in his ninetieth year. He was formerly Captain in the Buckinghamshire Volunteers, and one of the Honorary Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms (Queen's Body Guard).

Admiral the Hon. Thomas Alexander Pakenham, of Franklyn, Hayward's-heath, suddenly, at a meeting of the School Board, in Wivelsfield school-room, on Jan. 5. The deceased was uncle of the present Earl of Longford, and was sixty-eight years of age. He entered the Navy in 1834, became

Commander in 1856, Captain in 1863, and Rear-Admiral on the Retired List in 1878. He married, in 1853, Sophia Frances, daughter of Sir Tatton Sykes. Admiral Pakenham was a Justice of the Peace for Hants and Sussex.

Surgeon-General Frederick Freeman Allen, C.B., M.R.C.S.E., at 10, Royal-crescent, Brighton, in his eighty-seventh year. He entered the Bengal Medical Service in 1848, and retired in 1880. He was Honorary Physician to the Queen and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

The Rev. Frederick John Norman, M.A., Hon. Canon of Peterborough, Rural Dean and Rector of Bottesford, in the county of Leicester, after a short illness, on Dec. 29. He married, Feb. 22, 1848, Lady Adeliza Manners, sister of the late Duke of Rutland, which lady died Oct. 26, 1887.

Mr. Henry M. Dunphy, a well-known and widely-respected London journalist, on Jan. 2, in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Dunphy had been for upwards of forty years connected with the *Morning Post*, during the greater part of that time as Parliamentary summary writer, and representative in the House of Commons lobby. He was also a member of the Bar.

The Rev. Prebendary Crosse, Rural Dean of Hastings and Canon of Chichester Cathedral, on Jan. 8, aged sixty-nine. He was Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Hastings, for thirty-one years. He was a member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, a Doctor of Civil Law, and author of "Lectures on Hebrew Law."

Major the Hon. Charles James Keith-Falconer, at Brighton on Jan. 7. He was the third son of the seventh Earl of Kintore, and was born in 1832. He served in the Crimea 1854-5, where he obtained the medal with two clasps, Turkish and Sardinian medals, and fifth class Medjidieh. In 1874 he was appointed Commissioner of Inland Revenue, and this office he held to the time of his death.

Mr. Richard Foster, whose support of Church work in the East and South of London is well known, has given £200 to the Incorporated Church Building Society, Dean's-yard, Westminster, to be divided between the General and the Mission Buildings Fund.

DEATH.

On Nov. 12, at Sav-la-Mar, at the residence of his friend, David Brown, Esq., Thomas Anglin Tate, of Orange Grove, Westmorland, Jamaica, aged 61 years.

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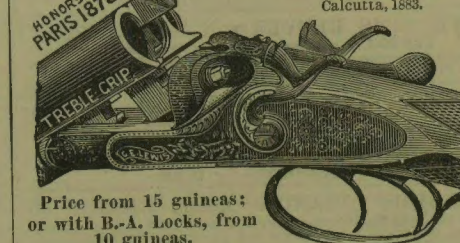
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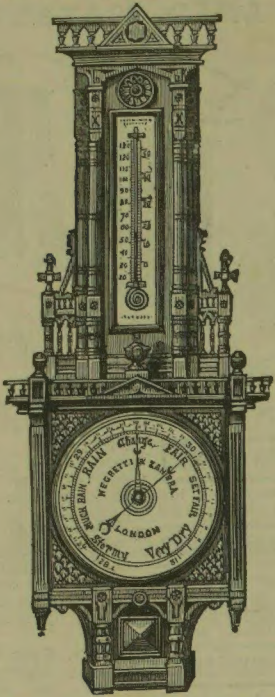
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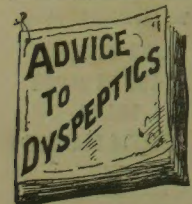
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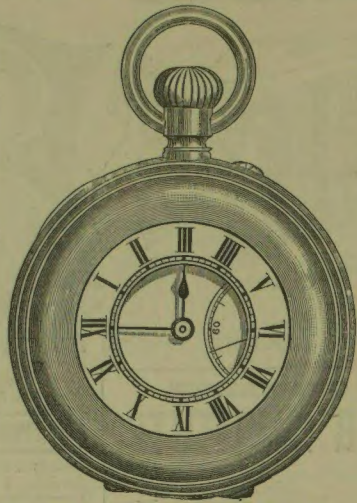


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